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By EDMUND PEARSON

WEEK ENDING AUG. 27, 1932

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AUGUST 27, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 35

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

More than 30,000 manuscripts were received under the terms of Liberty's $5,000 First Story Offer. The enormous task of reading and judging the comparative worth of these stories almost has been completed. The results are surprising and the names of the fifteen successful first-story authors will be announced in an early issue.

THE TRAFFIC-REGULATING MANIA

If the time wasted in the unnecessary restriction of traffic through the overuse of red lights could be profitably utilized, it would amount to such an enormous sum that it might even remedy the depression.

Traffic regulation is desirable; it is absolutely necessary at some intersecting roadways. But every little village is now supplied with the red and green lights.

On busy thoroughfares such restrictions are desirable, although before these lights were used the statistical record of injuries was much lower than it has been since they were introduced. But the growth of the red-light restrictions has been enormously extended, and in a large majority of cases unnecessarily so. Where there is a red and green light interchanging to control traffic, in most cases all that is needed is a warning signal, a flashing red or yellow light, to warn drivers of the necessity of being cautious.

No one objects to stopping for a red light when the cross-traffic privilege is being used. But when you are stopped and you sit there looking at an empty street—not a car in sight in either direction—you can hardly be blamed for being irritated.

There are light signals in all sorts of out-of-the-way places in some large cities. The manufacturers of these lights are apparently very good business men and they apparently know how to deal with politicians. Let us hope that, in their endeavor to extend the use of their product, commissions are taboo—for politicians have been known on occasion to make purchases not especially needed by the communities for which they are responsible because of personal financial inducements.

Drivers everywhere object most strenuously to needless delays. The red light, for instance, should stop traffic. But some drivers maintain that if a driver approaches a red light and sees no traffic advancing in either direction, he should be allowed to cross against the red light. The green light should give a driver the right of way, provided he is there to claim it. Though when a driver crosses a red light he should understand that the opposing traffic has the right of way.

The ridiculous waste of time which is incurred through being held up by a red light which is not accommodating cross traffic should be stopped. Traffic difficulties in many cities are greatly aggravated because of the restriction of traffic through unnecessary delays due to red-light signals that serve no useful purpose to crossing traffic.

Furthermore, the traffic rulings in various communities differ greatly. In some communities they allow you to turn right on red, and in others you are allowed to move only when the green light appears. There is an appalling need for uniformity of traffic restrictions in all parts of the country.

Traffic lights, naturally, save a large amount of time and trouble for police officials. But if the time saved in this manner were multiplied by a hundred or a thousand times, it would probably represent the time that is lost by drivers because of unnecessary restrictions.

Then there is another ruling that ought to be introduced everywhere. Except in unusual conditions, drivers should be allowed to turn right on red, and there should always be a roadway left open to the right for drivers to pass through when arriving after traffic has been stopped.

Traffic lights are all right in their place; they belong to busy corners. Their extraordinary extension is doubtless due to supersalesmanship on the part of their manufacturers. When they were first introduced sales were made largely because of their supposed safety value. But statistical records prove that this representation is inaccurate. When drivers are controlled by light signals they seem to pay less attention to other drivers and pedestrians; and this may have had something to do with the recent increase in automobile accidents.

A new light may be necessary to supplant the red light which will indicate that the cross traffic has the right of way provided there are drivers there to claim it. If otherwise, traffic can proceed against this light. This one change in our present traffic restrictions would save from ten to twenty-five per cent of the time required in making a trip through the suburban sections of many of our large cities.

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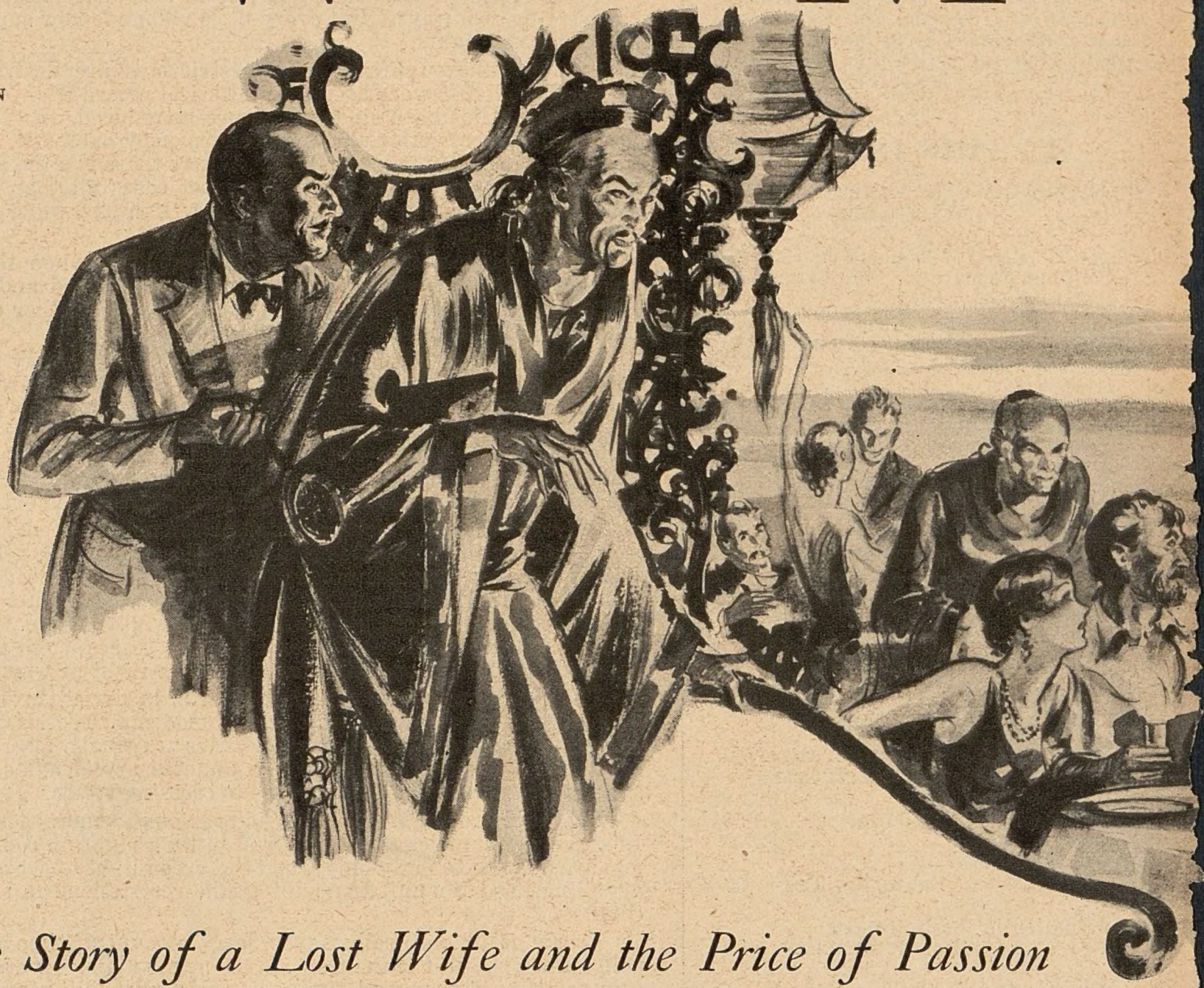
Two White Men

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN



The Story of a Lost Wife and the Price of Passion

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

(Reading time: 28 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE end of the world it seemed, this vast stretch of tropical China. But not the end of human ambition; nor—to quote Fuller Hyatt, the missionary doctor—of human suffering; nor, finally, of riches—riches in the steaming jungles, the towering mountains, the deep, black forests that yielded huge quantities of rubber, gum copra, and fossil ivory. There were, furthermore, traces of alluvial gold. And the overhead expense was not large; for all the work was done—and cheaply done—by coolies, greatly to the enrichment of Guy Channing, who represented the American Development Company here at Ta-liang, and John Ackroyd, his British rival, the local agent for a Hongkong firm.

These two were the only white men hereabouts, unless one included Fuller Hyatt—whom they did not include; at least not exactly.

Not because of his race. Indeed, the doctor, who came from Montana, was almost exaggeratedly Anglo-Saxon by every token of blue eyes, fair hair, and tall, powerful frame. But—well, listen to Channing and Ackroyd chewing the rag on the veranda of the ramshackle inn where they lived; an inn called, without intentional irony, the Grand Hôtel de France.

" Saw him ambling down the street this morning," said Ackroyd in his harsh Yorkshire accents, " star-gazing as per usual—and bumping into a fat old Buddhist priest—who gave him hell. And—what d'ye think Hyatt did? "

" Took a poke at him? "

" Don't be silly! You know our Holy John. He swept off his hat to that ancient heathen as he might to a bloody duke. Craved his pardon. And a dozen damned coolies looking on and making dirty Chinese wise cracks. Can you beat it? "

" Sure can! " came Channing's soft Virginia drawl. " Remember that woman bandit they executed last month? "

" Don't tell me she was his sweetie! "

" Just as bad. He adopted her children. Yes, *sir* "—as the Englishman stared incredulously; " adopted every one of the late female Robin Hood's lemon-colored brats. Allows he's going to teach them everything about—oh—loving-kindness and hygiene."

" Good Lord! " Ackroyd was shocked. " He—a white man—to—"

" I wouldn't call him white, John."

" Nor I. Still, it's beastly."

" Not beastly at all—but decent. Too damned decent. Hyatt, you see, is that most dangerous thing called a thoroughly good man." Channing laughed rather bitterly. " Too good to be white."

" What d'ye mean—too good to be—"

-*and* Another

MANDARIN Po Shen had come in the back way. "No Chinks allowed here — eh?" he said in singsong English.

"Well, you and I are white. Quite white. But—we aren't exactly good, are we?" He clapped his hands. A Chinese appeared. "Two double whiskies."

"*Yau sam lok*, mister."

The waiter brought the whisky. Potent whisky it was, so that after a while Hyatt was forgotten and they talked business.

THEY talked, presently, of home. Talked of returning.

Nor was there anything to prevent them, since both were rich. But they remained year after year. For the subtle poison of the tropics had entered their brains. It was like a drug. They hated it; feared it; could not do without it. Besides, there was their ambition. It was not yet sated, might never be sated—with always something new waiting for them behind the ranges and rivers; something new to be explored, tamed, and made to pay in good, hard cash.

Thus, one day, there would be whispers about an untapped store of fossil ivory far above the last bush station of the Burman frontier. Or there would be the same old will-o'-the-wisp tale of alluvial gold up in the Chiang Mountains.

Then there would be excitement. Channing and Ackroyd—friends and rivals—would be down on the spoor like jackals; using pressure diplomatic and commercial; gilding many a crooked finger of Chinese officials. And victory would swing her ironic pendulum, throwing the flash of red treasure now into the lap of the American, now into that of the Briton. But there were never any hard feelings; and they would meet at night on the veranda and boast a little of their success and stand each other drinks. And when they had drunk too much they would bait and bully the owner of the hotel, a small, berry-brown man who answered—amazingly—to the name of Dom Manuel dos Reis de Villareal d'Acosta.

He was—as he liked to point out—the descendant of a noble Portuguese clan that had made brave history for hundreds of years. But he never mentioned that since its proud beginnings his people had traveled far afield, geographically as well as maritally.

A man he was who loved with the hectic passion of his various ancestral elements; who hated with the knife-sharp cruelty of these same elements; and who, most vindictively, hated Fuller Hyatt.

He hated him even more than he hated Channing and Ackroyd, though—or perhaps because—the latter baited and bullied him, while he, on the other hand, could bait and bully the doctor with impunity. As, for instance, on that evening—not many hours before "Corky" Bennett drifted out of the jungle, not many weeks before Odette de Maucair arrived from Shanghai—when, with the two business men splitting a quart of champagne on the veranda, Hyatt hastened in from the street, a little Chinese girl in his arms.

The child, one of those whom he had adopted, had been struck on the forehead by a tile that had dropped from a roof. The injury was not dangerous, but it bled profusely; and so Hyatt took a clean napkin, tore it into strips, and began bandaging the wound.

Just then Dom Manuel came from the kitchen.

"Oh," he cried angrily, "my napkin!"

Without a reply, the other put a silver tael—ten times the price of the bit of shoddy cotton—on the table. Dom Manuel pocketed it; but his ire grew.

"This is a white man's place!" he went on. "No Chinks allowed!"

"The child is hurt," explained the doctor calmly.

"What of it? Get out o' here—you and your yellow brat!"

Hyatt paid not the slightest attention. He bent over his small patient, attended her with gentle, agile fingers; and the half-breed became more and more incensed.

"*Canalla!*" he yelled. "Get out o' here! Don't you hear me . . . ? Get the hell out o' here!"

He rushed up to Hyatt. He cursed him foully and—suddenly—struck him in the face.

Silence then, tense, tragic; and, momentarily, Dom Manuel was afraid. For the doctor's eyes were narrowing. His jaws clamped. The veins on his temples stood out like ropes.

"Oh!" The single cry broke from his lips. High. Almost squeaky. Ludicrous. And terrible.

HIS hand reached toward his hip pocket; Dom Manuel seemed frozen with fright; and then, the very next second, Hyatt's rage left him as quickly as it had come. He smiled—a queer smile, crooked, grotesque. He picked up the little girl, who had begun to whimper. He soothed her with soft, crooning Chinese words. He walked to the door; and once more there was silence, splintered by Ackroyd's mocking query:

"Forgot to turn your right cheek, didn't you?"

"Did I?" was the slow reply. "Ah—I don't think I did."

And he crossed the outer threshold, accompanied by the hotel owner's hooting laughter, and smiling that same crooked smile as he heard Ackroyd's exclamation:

"Not an ounce of guts! And he calls himself white!"

Hyatt walked down the street, turned the corner. If feelings were in him—shame, embarrassment—he did not show them, except, perhaps, by the expression in his eyes: something [illegible] gray memory issuing from the past—a hopeless memory—a memory which he hated, which made him shudder.

With a hard effort he dismissed it. He reached his home. The child ran in. He was about to follow when he heard a confusion of cries—cries of fear, cries for help.

He looked. A new road was in the process of construction. Not far from his house, where work had temporarily stopped, it turned sharply, leaping into space and tumbling to the rocky bed of the Ta-liang River a thousand feet below; and toward this abyss, carrying its rider to certain death, galloped a white stallion completely out of control.

The man astride the horse was Po Shen, the presiding local mandarin. A gentleman with an expensive and charming taste in ancient Sung porcelain and less ancient Nanking singsong girls. Too, a brave man. For even as he passed in a whirlwind of dust and flying hoofs, even as Hyatt rushed forward and stood there, ready to help, feet well braced, body slightly bent, arms curved like a wrestler's—even at that moment Po Shen succeeded in raising a hand in a warning gesture, yelling:

"No, no!"

But already Hyatt had jumped from the ground and, brain and muscles acting in perfect unison, had caught the crazed animal around the neck. He swung himself up in front of the rider; reached out; inserted strong fingers into the stallion's nostrils.

Double weight and cruel fingers acted like a brake. Less than a foot away from the abyss the horse stopped, snorting, shivering.

AND so, presently, Po Shen bowed deeply to Fuller Hyatt.

"My gratitude," he said, "is a vase of white jade, exquisitely carved." He added: "Your courage is flawless."

"Is it?" replied the other. "Well—opinions differ."

Back on the veranda of the inn, Ackroyd and Channing finished the second bottle. It was growing late: midnight trailing a purple cloak; overhead great stars wheeling slowly. The hotel was quiet. The streets were deserted.

"What about bed?" suggested the Yorkshireman.

"I've a raft of work to do tomorrow and—" All at once he interrupted himself. He stared toward the door; demanded: "And who may *you* be?"

For a man had appeared on the veranda—a man who was tall, ragged, his bearded face burnt the color of teak. This man laughed—and Channing remembered the laugh and jumped up.

"Corky!" he cried. "Corky Bennett! But—I thought—"

"I'd kicked the bucket? Well, ye've got another guess comin'!"

About a year ago the two friends had grubstaked Bennett, an Alaskan prospector who had drifted to China to hunt for gold in the Chiang Mountains. He had started out with a couple of porters. Then, five months later, news had come that he had died in the hinterland. And here he was again, very much alive, announcing triumphantly:

"Found it! Another Klondike! Here! Read 'em and weep!"

From a small leather pouch he poured a thin stream of yellow dust on the table—and they touched the dust; became excited. The will-o'-the-wisp rumor come true: raw gold! They listened eagerly while Bennett related how, terribly ill with fever, he had been left by the porters to perish; how he had pulled through, and—what else was there to do?—had decided to return to Ta-liang. So he had trekked—alone, weak. Finally, after heartbreaking weeks, he had reached a dry, healthy wilderness and had noticed there quartz outcroppings that had reminded him of Alaska.

"Well," he went on, "I took a look-see. And"—pointing at the shimmering heap—"there she is! And d'ye know where I found her? Why, no more'n a few hours in a flivver from Ta-liang. And the stuff itself—

She stopped when she saw him. "Charlie," she whispered. "Charlie!"

say, it's soft and crumbly. Ye can pick it up with a shovel and grind it through a coffee mill! And—millions, boys! Millions!"

They talked far into the night. The next morning they called on Mandarin Po Shen.

He listened and pocketed a handsome check.

Yes! He would keep the news under cover for two months; enough time for them to prospect more thoroughly and file claims on the most promising property: eight claims each—twice the legal limit—which meant thirty-two claims all told.

"Three times eight is twenty-four," Ackroyd corrected him.

"But four times eight," purred the mandarin, "is thirty-two."

"I get ye!" laughed Bennett. "Shake, partner!" And he held out a horny hand which Po Shen touched delicately.

By the end of the second month they had struck rich pay dirt. By the end of the third the news of the find had flared like powder under spark, and the gold rush had begun, with Americans and Europeans hurrying from all the Far East, from Siberia and Australia. So, presently, in the mining camp machinery was throbbing and zumming; while, near the diggings, Ta-liang itself changed to a rowdy, tawdry boom town where men were talking gold, thinking gold, dreaming gold—and spending gold.

Spending it recklessly. Spending—most of it—at the Grand Hôtel de France, no longer a ramshackle inn, since Dom Manuel, shrewd in his knowledge that more gold came out of miners' pockets than out of mines, had made considerable additions. Dozens of new rooms. An immense bar. A gambling place. A dance hall—and all its fixtures imported; imported, the jazz orchestra; imported, furthermore, the girls.

Girls of a dozen nations for whom he had combed the treaty ports and Japan. Girls to whom the half-breed, with a wink, referred as "hostesses." And among them the loveliest was Odette de Maucair.

SO, at least, she had called herself these last few years up and down the China coast, though some people suggested that her accent was less French than her name. But there was no doubt of her amazing beauty. No doubt that men desired her as bees desire sugar. No doubt, finally, that scandal followed her wherever she went. For instance: Lady Lamuelson, the wife of Sir Montagu Lamuelson, the Hongkong tea magnate, having named her as corespondent; Signor Mario Giovanelli, the Italian consul at Canton, having ruined himself because of her; and Mandarin Po Shen, before he had been appointed presiding official here at Ta-liang, having lost a great deal of face when, having laden her with presents, he had offered her his hand in honorable marriage, and she had laughed at him—loudly, cruelly.

Other tales. True tales. Indeed a most notorious woman—who, a week or so after her arrival at Ta-liang, went for an evening stroll with Channing and, not far from the hotel, met Fuller Hyatt.

Then a queer thing happened. For she stopped when

she saw him. She trembled and grew deathly pale.

"Charlie," she whispered. "Charlie!"

Channing looked up. He wondered: who was Charlie? And the next second he knew, as he noticed Hyatt smiling thinly and studying Odette from her small, pigeon-blue hat to the tips of her tiny shoes.

"Hullo, Kitty!" said the doctor.

"Tell me," she asked, moving a step nearer, "when did you—"

"Break jail? I didn't." His voice was ironic. "I was pardoned."

They stared at each other. Momentarily they seemed unaware of the Virginian's presence.

She sobbed. She stretched out her hands.

"Charlie," she stammered, "I wasn't to blame! I mean—not entirely. I tried to explain. You wouldn't listen."

"Nor shall I listen now. You lie!"

"No, no! I swear it!"

"You lie!" he repeated and walked away.

She shrugged her shoulders in bitter resignation.

"You heard?" she demanded, turning to Channing.

"Yes."

"And—you couldn't forget all you heard, being a Virginian and a gentleman?"

"I've already forgotten. Let's go back to the hotel. You're sort of green around the gills—need a drink, I reckon."

"A dozen drinks! I"—hysterically—"I need to get drunk—good and drunk!"

"Of course you do, honey."

They returned. From the dance hall drifted music, jazz music, jungly, stuttery, clangorous. Voices were singing. Negro voices. An unbridled display of primitive African passion stabbing—fantastically, ludicrously—into the purple Chinese night.

"Come on," said Channing.

They entered. The place was already filled with men and women, who applauded boisterously when Odette exclaimed:

"Tonight's the night, boys and girls!"

And tonight was indeed the night. People drinking, getting drunk; spending money madly, lavishly. To hell with gold! Gold was dirt-cheap—and life was short! Let's enjoy it while we may! Thus the slogan, and high-pitched voices hiccuping it in cosmopolitan symphony through lips contorted into stark grimaces of lust and rapture, lips braying strident laughter.

And glasses smashed—champagne corks popping—chairs upset and splintering. The Negro musicians flinging their violent, erotic, overspiced melodies through the confusion in the hall where couples were dancing, cheeks glued together, arms twined tightly around waists, thighs touching and shuddering convulsively in a delirium of the senses.

AN orgy, a bacchanal—and Odette the wildest of them all; suddenly, with a yell, leaping on Channing's broad back.

He stumbled; straightened up.

"Ride 'em, cowboy!" he cried; and, Odette high on his shoulders, he bored into the thick of the dance floor, whirling like a dervish, stamping his feet.

The crowd hooted alcoholic approval:

"'Atababy!"

"Hooray!"

"Raise the roof, kid!"

The orchestra leader bobbed up and down like one possessed. Clarinet and saxophone bloated to a lurching Niagara of sound waves hardly louder than the mob's shrieks of mirth as the Virginian stepped his grotesque *pas seul*, the girl on his back swaying and shouting, and all around the reek of wine, of perfume, of perspiring bodies.

"Let's go!"

"Sure!"

Others followed Odette's example. Up—slim silk-clad legs curled about shoulders! Up—fat silk-clad legs clinging about necks like monstrous garlands! Men howling with laughter! Even Ackroyd forgetting his buckram Yorkshire dignity. Dancing all. Twisting all. Great wheels of flesh gyrating in an ecstasy of desire and abandon. Faster—ever faster; while, at the half-open door of his office, Dom Manuel looked on and reckoned his profits; then turned as he heard a voice at his elbow.

Mandarin Po Shen had come in the back way.

"No Chinks allowed here—eh?" he said in singsong English.

"Well"—Dom Manuel was flustered—"you know—this rule—"

"Does not apply to Chinks who are rich and powerful. I know." The half-breed did not reply; and the other went on: "It is amusing to watch the foreign barbarians at play. Chiefly the female foreign barbarians. And"—pointing at Odette, who, not very steadily, arm in arm with Channing, was entering a palm-screened alcove—"most chiefly this one. Ah—Buddha!"—changing from English to Chinese—"an exquisite plum blossom—"

"Who, I understand," sneered Dom Manuel, "has caused you to lose a great deal of face."

"Indeed." The mandarin paused; went on with calm Mongol brutality: "You are a man quite without honor—is that not so?"

"Oh"—angrily—"look here!"

"You are! And, being what you are, you can be bribed. You can be bought—like a camel's load of tea. . . ."

"If the price is big enough," came the shameless admission.

"The price shall be enormous. Please close the door—and listen."

MEANWHILE the drunken revelry was continuing—the bray of jungly jazz, the braying, swinging noises—and Odette, from the alcove, stared into the reeking turmoil and exclaimed:

"Oh, I'm sick of it—sick of living!"

"Honey," said Channing, "if there's anything I can do—"

She did not answer. She sat there, brooding, unhappy. She filled her glass and drank; and all at once words came to her—sobbing words, meant for herself alone, not reckoning with the Virginian's presence:

"I wasn't to blame—not entirely to blame! And yet—God—what a fool I was to trust Reggie—Reggie Kinsella of all men—"

She interrupted herself. She hurried back into the dance hall, flung herself into Ackroyd's arms and whirled away, while Channing looked after her and wondered, probed his memory.

Reggie Kinsella! Where had he heard the name? . . . He was quite sure he *had* heard it—somewhere. And he puzzled—and, with a click in his brain, remembered.

Why, he had actually run across the man a few years ago during a business trip to Honolulu. Reggie Kinsella, the handsome, debonair Irish gentleman whom women forgave almost everything; of whom men spoke with amusement and faint envy, dropping a knowing, tolerant eyelid over his various sins; and who, at Hawaii, had been seen a good deal in the company of Kitty Magruder, the young wife of Charles Magruder, an American naval surgeon on shore duty.

Gay, flirtatious, red-haired little Kitty! Channing had not met her at the time. But he had heard about her—as, indeed, who hadn't? Tales he had heard. Spiced gossip. And, presently, scandal.

Terrible scandal. Screaming newspaper headlines.

All about a cottage at Waikiki Beach. Reggie there and Kitty. Her husband coming upon the scene.

And now Kitty was Odette de Maucair. Charles Magruder was Fuller Hyatt. And Reggie was dead and buried, a bullet in his wild Irish heart.

The Virginian sighed. He recalled a saying often on Mandarin Po Shen's lips:

"Life is three things: illogical, sardonic, and cruel."

Well, he thought, life was still one more thing. Tragic it was. Damned tragic. He was about to order another bottle when, suddenly, the lights went out, all the lights, plunging the alcove, the hall, the whole hotel into inky blackness.

THESE two were the only white men hereabouts, unless one included Fuller Hyatt—whom they did not include—exactly.

The music broke off. There was complete silence, followed immediately by pandemonium. Yells. Laughter. A scurrying about of people in all directions. Tables overturned. Crockery smashed. A curse, as one man bumped into another. Somebody's fist coming into violent contact with somebody else's nose. A shriek of rage. A fight; a second fight; half a dozen. The grand, savage symphony of lawless men battling in the dark with a sort of passionate futility.

Channing was amused. He sat still. He heard other men rushing in: men who talked in clipped Mongol monosyllables.

Servants, he supposed, trying to restore order, to look after the electric lights—and the next second he was startled by a woman's shrill call:

"Help—Channing—please—help!"

Odette's voice—he was sure of it; leaped into the fray.

"Where are you?"

"Here—here! Help!"

He lunged forward. He saw—vaguely, black amid the black—a mass of coiling legs and arms; saw, a moment later, the back door being thrown open, then swiftly shut, but not before he had had a distinct impression of a number of men, evidently Chinese, swirling across the threshold, half dragging and half carrying a slight body that struggled frantically—a woman's body.

Odette, he thought; no doubt of it; and he raced toward the door.

But he found his progress stopped by the moiling mob; stood there, cursing helplessly, while, shortly afterward, somebody found the electric switch and twisted it.

Came a dazzling, blinding flood of light that brought the scene into sharp relief. Broken chairs. Smashed bottles and glasses. Women fainting and women hysterical. Men nursing bruises and exchanging sheepish grins. And, in a corner, Ackroyd holding Dom Manuel by the collar and demanding angrily:

"What did you turn off the light for?"

"I didn't."

"I saw you, you miserable little runt! I want to know why."

THE half-breed was stubbornly silent, and the Yorkshireman's great hairy hands closed about his windpipe, squeezing mercilessly, until finally in an agony of fear the man stammered:

"Po Shen—he asked me to."

"Bribed you, more bloody likely! But why?"—shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat. "Why?"

"Because," interrupted the Virginian, stepping up, "he used the darkness and confusion to kidnap Odette."

Ackroyd grew purple with rage.

"Kidnaped a white woman, eh? We'll see about that. Come on. We'll get a gang of the lads and—"

"We'll do nothing of the sort," replied Channing. He took his friend by the arm and led him from the hotel to the garage in back where he kept his car. "Jump in."

The Yorkshireman obeyed, though under protest.

"I'm no worse than the average coward. And yet—you and I against all of Po Shen's Mongol roughnecks—"

"Neither you nor I are going to do the rescue act."

"Who else?"

"Fuller Hyatt."

"Oh!" mockingly. "D'ye fancy that our Holy John

can pull it off with all his usual loving-kindness bilge?"

"I don't care *how* he pulls it off. But it's up to him. You see, he's her husband." And, driving through the sleeping town, the Virginian related all he knew and a good deal of what he guessed, adding: "Charles Magruder—Hyatt, if you prefer—went to jail for manslaughter. From jail—I remember reading in the papers—he brought divorce proceedings which Kitty fought tooth and nail."

"Didn't have a leg to stand on, did she?"

"She said she did. She insisted from the first that she was innocent; that Reggie got her to the Waikiki cottage through a trumped-up tale that he was throwing a large party. Insisted that, when her husband—happening to pass the cottage and recognizing her car and becoming suspicious—barged in and found her in Reggie's arms, she was actually struggling to get away from him."

"You believe her?"

"I do. So, incidentally, did the judge; refused to grant the divorce. They're still man and wife."

That is what, a few minutes later, Channing told the doctor with his first words:

"You're still man and wife—you and Kitty—"

The other drew in his breath with sharp, unhappy amazement.

"You—" he asked, "you *know*—about—"

"Yes."

"Even so, why do you come here and tell me? What is it to you?"

"Not a thing, personally. But Kitty needs you." He sketched rapidly what had occurred. "Go to her," he went on.

"I?" The man's voice was hard. "Why should I?"

"She's your wife."

"My wife who—"

"I know what you're going to say. Well, what of it? She needs you tonight—needs you desperately. Go to her."

"No," came the reply, in a slow, husky tone.

"Afraid?" jeered the Yorkshireman.

"I"—flaring up—"I've never been afraid in all my life!"

"Say, what about that time when Dom Manuel—"

"Will you keep quiet!" the Virginian roared at Ackroyd. Then once more he addressed the doctor. "You've *got* to go to her, old man."

"No!" The dismal weariness in his accents was pathetic and piteous. "No, no, no!"

"It's your duty. Look here. Suppose she told you the truth—six years ago?"

"She didn't!"

"Suppose she did, you stubborn fool! Suppose she was innocent! Just suppose."

"Just suppose—" echoed the doctor dully, staring at the ground.

HE was silent. He thought of her. He had loved her deeply, passionately. Gay, red-haired little Kitty. Flirtatious? Yes. She had been flirtatious. But she had been so young, so pretty, and so many men after her. And he—he had always been jealous, terribly jealous. Still, he hadn't seen any real harm in it until that evening when Reggie Kinsella—

Why—and suppose she had spoken the truth about Reggie?

"Oh," he murmured, with intolerable anguish, "just suppose—"

He bowed his head. He shivered. There was a queer look in his eyes—a clenched, ashen look. Then, all at once, he made up his mind. He went to the door, while Channing and Ackroyd exchanged a glance and the latter called after him:

"Hey—don't forget your gun! That Chink might get obstreperous. He's a tough egg, you know."

The doctor smiled—that same slow smile which had curled his lips that day when Dom Manuel had struck him in the face.

"I killed once—six years ago," he said. "I shall never kill again. It is—ah"—with a certain stiff pride—"more decent to *be* killed—than to kill."

He left—and the Virginian broke into mirthless laughter.

"John," he said to the Englishman, "I reckon we're color blind."

"Color blind?"

"Yes. You see—the man's white!"

"Of course he's white," admitted the Yorkshireman rather grudgingly. "A damned sight whiter than you and I."

Shortly afterward, the doctor reached the mandarin's palace. He said to the servant who opened the door:

"I wish to see your master."

"Not tonight. It is too late."

"I must see him!" And he pushed into the outer hall, past the servant, who shrugged his shoulders and left.

PRESENTLY Po Shen came in. He was accompanied by half a dozen armed Kansu braves—tall, truculent ruffians from the far west of China whom he employed as his bodyguard. But his greetings were polite. He stretched out a hand—which the other refused.

"Ah," demanded the mandarin in English, with a soft, purring threat, "an insult?"

"Call it that!"

"And—the reason?" Po Shen paused; went on with a laugh: "I imagine because of a woman—the little red-haired singsong girl who—"

"Who is my wife," the American interrupted with slightly unnatural calmness.

The Chinese was startled.

"Eh?" he exclaimed.

"My wife—"

"Who once caused me to lose a great deal of face; whom I swore to humble, to punish—"

"Who will leave this house with me—tonight—now!"

A full minute's silence passed. No sound except the faint clanking of the Kansu braves' weapons, their sibilant breathing as they leaned forward, ignorant of the English words that had been uttered, yet conscious of the aura of tragedy. The silence continued. The two men stared at each other with unflinching eyes.

Once the mandarin spoke:

"You do not fear?"

The other did not reply—with his mouth; replied only with his eyes. "I do not fear," said his blue eyes, as stanchly as if his lips had formed the words.

Still the silence continued—until suddenly Po Shen said:

"You have been my friend—and the friend of my people. You have saved my life, being a brave man. Why should woman—any woman—come between you and me? Besides," with a little sigh, "I do not care for red-haired women. Ah"—rolling up his right sleeve and showing an angry, crimson scratch, "red-haired women are disobedient and violent. Personally I prefer the calm, gentle women of Nanking."

He paused; went on:

"My worthless house has been highly flattered by being permitted to grant an hour's hospitality to your honorable wife. But it is late and—Buddha! Buddha!—I am old and tired. Will you be good enough to take her home?"

And he bowed. He left the room with a swish-swish of his silken, embroidered robe.

Not long later, Charles and Kitty Magruder were turning down the street. The moon had sunk into the jungles and hills that rimmed Ta-liang. The trees sang, filled with the little winds of coming morning.

She sobbed, and he asked:

"What is it? Aren't you happy?"

"So happy! And yet—oh, the gray, wasted years!"

"Years that never were—years that have been forgotten—years that must never be mentioned by you or me!"

And so, hand in hand, they walked on toward the sunrise that was booming up on the horizon with silver and rose.

THE END

Three Glorious Movements in the Clothing Field

By DR. SEUSS

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THE ANTI-TWIN-DRESSING-ALIKE MOVEMENT

"My life," says Luke Gawthorp, "is devoted to wiping out the slavery we impose on poor little twins by making them dress alike. An ex-twin myself, I became interested in this movement when my brother Alex got forward with our sixth-grade teacher and *I* got peppered with buckshot."

THE ANTI-LURKING-LAUNDRY-PIN DEVICE

"Most divorces," says M. Zimmelmann, "can be traced directly to the way the laundry hides pins in your shirts. One nasty jab, and you take it out on the wife. My new Shirt-Pin Chart locates every pin, and because of it the matrimonial depression cannot help but turn the corner."

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THE ANTI-FROG CRUSADE

"I don't know who first named those embroidered jiggers on pyjama fronts 'Frogs,'" says Westover Pradd, "but I do know that the idea of sleeping with frogs drives me most nuts. I won't lay off until the pyjama people call them *Bunnies*."

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Beginning

Strange

First of a New Seri

By EDMUN

The CASE OF M

In Which Two Parcels Gi
Slayer t

(Reading time: 19 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHAT do you do if you see a red-faced and hatless man running down the street toward you, hoarsely bellowing:

"Murder!"

If he waves his arms toward something behind you and roars out:

"Stop that man! Murder!"

And if he continues to wave, to pant and to perspire, as he rushes past you—if he continues to yell for someone to stop that man, or stop that car, or carriage—what, as I asked before, do you do?

You look over your shoulder, and there, certainly, are a number of men, as well as cars or carriages. Some of them are hurrying.

If you are a prompt and bold sort of person, quick to believe anything you hear and eager for excitement, you start to run and to shout, and perhaps you catch and collar the hurrying man.

And he turns out to be an innocent deacon of the church. You look round for the original shouter, and find that he has gone away, chuckling over the success of his joke.

Or it may be that you are nearly run over by a car in which are two men with a moving-picture camera. One of them calls out to you:

"Get out of the way, feller! Don't yer see we're taking pitchers?"

You realize that you have at last got into the movies,

A MAN, all out of breath, came running along vainly trying to interest the police in a four-wheeled carriage which always kept a little ahead.

Pictures by
DELOS PALMER

Clues

of Murder Mysteries

EARSON

VAINWRIGHT

Up Their Secret and Send a the Gallows

but will not be paid anything for it. Only abuse.

So, probably, being of a doubting cast of mind, you did not join the red-faced man who was screaming about murder. You drew aside, as he ran by, and said:

"What's all the shoutin' for?"

And thus, perhaps, you missed undying glory; someone else got his name in the papers and pocketed a reward.

Two or three policemen once made exactly this mistake. They looked at the shouting man and remarked:

"You're crazy!"

Then they went on directing traffic, or walking their beats, or whatever they were doing. And they must have suffered agonies when two other policemen suddenly jumped into public notice by arresting the most notorious criminal of the year, and finally appearing as important witnesses before the Lord Chief Justice himself.

In the year 1875 the skeptical policemen were posted along the way leading from the Whitechapel district of London, across London Bridge with its stream of traffic, and into Southwark. One pleasant September afternoon a man, all out of breath, came running along these streets vainly trying to interest the police in a four-wheeled carriage which always kept a little ahead. The police laughed at him. But he pounded on.

At last, at a place called the Hen and Chickens, in the High Street Borough, the carriage stopped. The Hen and Chickens seems not to have been a tavern but a building devoted to business of various kinds.

There were two persons in the carriage. One was a

broad-shouldered man wearing a tall hat and smoking a big cigar. The other was a chorus girl named Alice Day. She was an attractive little creature, wearing all the frills, ribbons, and petticoats of that period and, probably, carrying a parasol. There was another occupant on the front seat, but neither Miss Day nor the driver knew it. The driver sat up on the box, with his blanket and his whip, apparently quite unaware of the shouting man who had chased him all the way.

The pursuer, whose name was Stokes, sighted two more policemen, and running up made one more attempt.

"For God's sake," he croaked out, "go after that man with the high hat! There is something wrong."

The officers saw the man, who had just alighted from the carriage, entering the building and carrying a large parcel. He was letting himself in with a key. They ran across, and one of them followed him into the Hen and Chickens. The other spoke to Miss Day in the carriage. She stepped out and stood on the sidewalk, all of a flutter. The man who had carried in the parcel now returned to the carriage, followed by the policeman. He had lifted out another parcel when the officers began to question him:

"Do you live here?"

"No."

"Have you got any business here?"

"Yes, and you have not. Why do you interfere with me? I am only going in to see an old friend of mine."

The policemen now pushed him toward the inside of the building, and he went, herded by them and carrying the second parcel. On the way he turned to them.

"Look here. Say nothing about this, ask no questions, and here is fifty pounds for each of you."

They got him in an old deserted shop in the building, where they found the first parcel, which they laid out on a dusty counter. They told him to take off the wrappings and let them see what he had.

"Don't open it," he implored. "Pray don't look at it, whatever you do. Don't touch it!" The officer was now busy with the cover.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds—I'll give you two hundred, and produce the money in twenty minutes—if you will let me go."

But the wrappings were already pulled aside. . . .

Two minutes later the officers came out again, one of them leading their prisoner, who was still carrying one of the dreadful bundles in his arms. He tried to throw it away from him, but he was put into the cab. An officer then returned for the other parcel, and the carriage, with all its occupants, was driven to the police station.

ALICE DAY said: "Well, Mr. Wainwright, this is a fine thing you have done for me!"

But Mr. Wainwright puffed his cigar and said nothing. Soon the horrified girl was to clutch hold of him and cry:

"For God's sake, tell them what I know of this! I know nothing!"

And Mr. Wainwright obediently said:

"She knows nothing."

The police were not so sure. Who was Mr. Wainwright, and who was Alice Day, and why was she in that carriage? Who was this other frightful passenger? There was reason enough for Mr. Wainwright to smoke a cigar; he should have smoked two. And who was Stokes, who had run all this distance from the other side of the river?

Henry Wainwright was not recognized near the Hen and Chickens, but it was soon found that he was the kind of man who was known to everybody in his own neighborhood. Big, breezy, jolly and hearty, he was regarded as an important business man and an all-round good fellow in the Whitechapel Road. Here he and his brother William carried on their business as brushmakers.

They had inherited some money from their father, and this set them up in business and enabled Henry to cultivate the arts at his leisure. Making brushes and mats is a dry sort of occupation; but Mr. Wainwright, although at one time a lecturer on temperance, was no fanatic.

He seems to have spent a good part of his time inviting people to have a drink; encountering actors, whom he greatly admired, in the street and asking them in for a glass of sherry. As for the ballet girls at the Pavilion Theatre, next door to his factory, they never had to suffer the tortures of thirst. Going home in groups or singly, after rehearsals, if they were lucky enough to meet Mr. Wainwright they were sure to be asked into a public house and refreshed with a pint of beer or a glass or two of port.

Certainly he chilled the blood of those little actresses as he rolled out the stanzas.

In a conversation which took place, at a later date, between Alice Day and the Lord Chief Justice of England, his lordship showed great interest in these little parties, leaning over the bench in kindly fashion and asking for full particulars. Even chief justices can be quite human when drinks and chorus girls are mentioned, although this one was ordinarily a rather stuffy old person. He was that Sir James Cockburn who stamped angrily out of the Geneva Tribunal when the Alabama decision went against him.

IT was not a mere interest in chorus girls which animated Henry Wainwright. He was stage-struck. Recitations, speeches, dramatic impersonations, far beyond the ability of the usual brushmaker, were his solace and delight. He loved amateur acting. He gave addresses to schools and church institutes, and readings from humorous authors. He went into politics a little, and was also one of the supporters and dupes of that absurd impostor, Arthur Orton, who went about the country wheedling money out of poor and rich, under the pretense that he was Sir Roger Tichborne being deprived of his "rights."

Wainwright was happy when he could give a supper at his own house and invite the actors and actresses from the Pavilion. In his comfortable home, where he lived with his wife, four children, and servants, he loved to entertain his theatrical friends. They ate and drank merrily, and perhaps even enjoyed the recitation by their host which always followed the supper. Probably he had the lights lowered before beginning one of his favorite poems: Thomas Hood's The Dream of Eugene Aram—now almost forgotten. Certainly he chilled the blood of all those little actresses as he rolled out the melodramatic stanzas with tremendous force, lingering with especial delight upon the purple patches which tell

Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves. . . .

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

The poem goes on to describe the horrors which beset Eugene Aram in his dream; to tell in his own words of the nightmare of the dead body of his victim which constantly *(Continued on page sixteen)*

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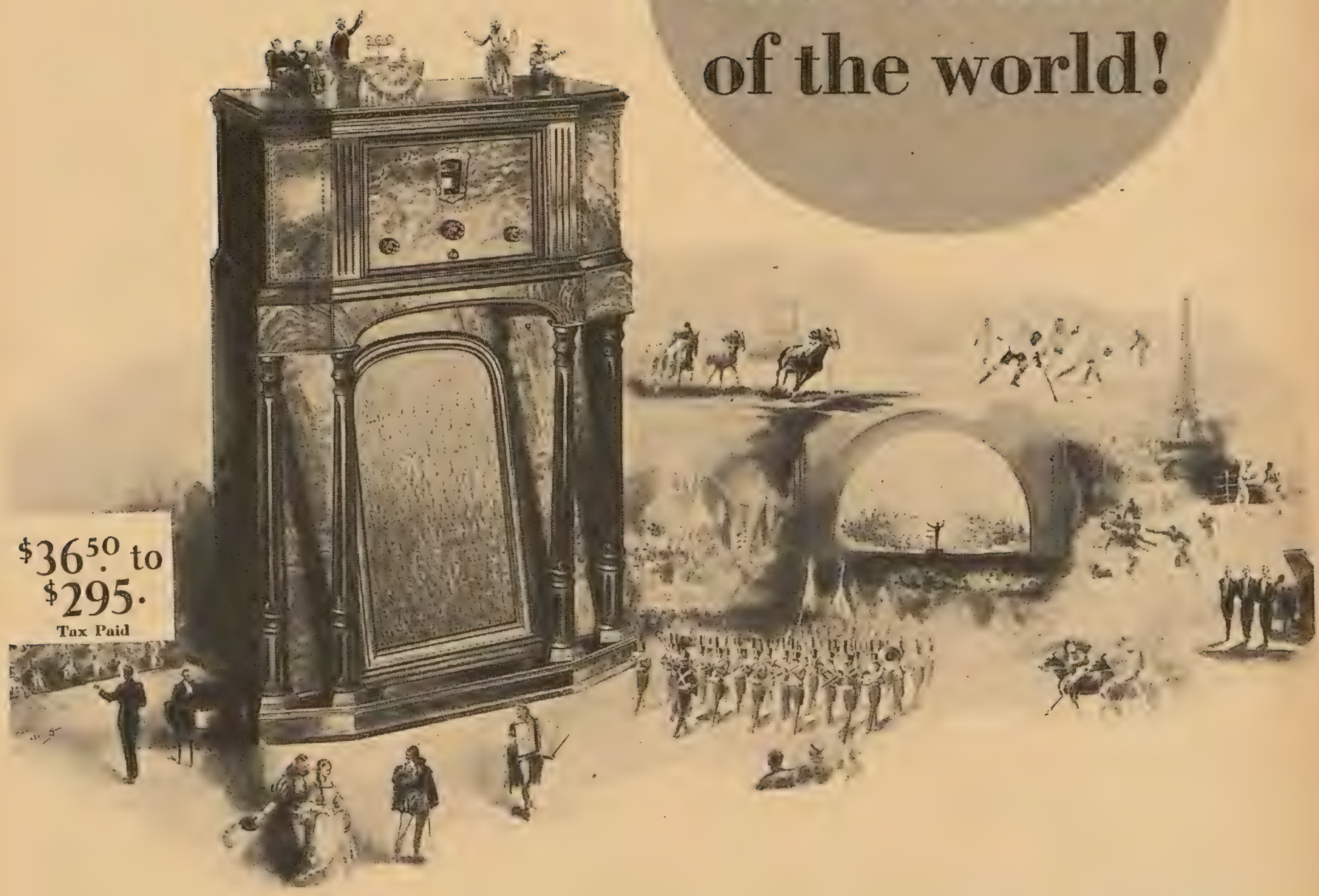

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(Continued from page fourteen)

There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man.

And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

When at last the poem ended, the lights were turned up again, and the ladies were easily persuaded to have another glass of wine and the gentlemen some brandy and soda.

"Oh, Mr. Wainwright," we can imagine one of the actresses exclaiming, "you fair give me the creeps! Do you suppose that murderers suffer remorse like that? They *must*—look at Macbeth! How foolish Aram was not to hide the body where no one could find it!"

And everyone began to chatter again. How pleasant was the contrast between Aram's distress and their own comfortable situation in Mr. Wainwright's hospitable dining room! Jolly, kind-hearted Mr. Wainwright! A thoroughly good fellow, said all the men.

"And so good-looking!" murmured the girls.

There is more than one curious coincidence about this favorite recitation of Mr. Wainwright's. It was for years given by Sir Henry Irving, and later by his son, Harry B. Irving, who appeared in many of his father's tragic rôles. And it is Harry Irving to whom so many writers on crime are indebted, not only for his histories of the Wainwright and other cases, but for the scholarly care which dignified everything he wrote.

Wainwright was good-looking in the style of that day and place, and he was altogether too successful with ladies. The house where he gave these parties, in Tredegar Square, was not his only establishment. Three or four years before that September afternoon when he took his strange drive over London Bridge with Alice Day—and that other—he had met, at an outdoor pleasure resort, a pretty blonde girl of twenty years. Her name was Harriet Lane.

MR. WAINWRIGHT and Miss Lane became great friends, and soon were lovers. If the way to her heart and hand did not lead up a church aisle, she at least insisted that there must be an imaginary church somewhere in the romance. She put a notice in a paper to say that Harriet, ninth daughter of John Lane, had been married to Percy King, Esq., at St. Mary's. There are about sixteen churches in London with St. Mary's as part of their name, so it would be a busy person who would examine the registers of all of them to see if such a marriage had really taken place.

Harriet Lane, now calling herself Mrs. King, was a clever, sprightly girl, very fond of nice clothes. She had been, when she met Wainwright, a milliner and dressmaker. During the next two or three years "Mr. and Mrs. King" lived in St. Peter's Street and in other places. They had two babies. Only a few persons knew that Percy King and Mr. Wainwright were the same man.

Then the brush business began to decline. Wainwright had to have a meeting of his creditors and make what terms he could. Also, he had to mortgage his warehouse. His brother William, one of his largest creditors, withdrew from the business.

Harriet and her babies, hitherto generously supported, began to feel the depression. Her income was steadily cut down and she often had to call on the pawnbroker. Also, with increasing frequency, she tried the public house to see what consolation could be found in drink. Her friend Miss Wilmore was one of those who knew who Percy King really was, and she could be relied on to help Harriet and often to take care of the children.

At last Harriet had quarrels both with her lover and her landlady. She began to call at the brushmaker's place on Whitechapel Road, and assure everybody that, no matter how he treated her, she would always be true to her Henry. This was annoying.

One day in September, 1874, Wainwright bought a box of chloride of lime, which he conveyed to a warehouse, part of his works on Whitechapel Road. On the next day, a Friday, Harriet Lane wrapped up a nightdress and said good-by to Miss Wilmore, telling her that she had an appointment with Henry Wainwright. Late that afternoon three workmen who were employed near the warehouse heard three pistol shots which seemed to come from some of the deserted buildings on the brushmaker's premises.

THIS story of The Case of Mr. Wainwright begins Edmund Pearson's new series of real-life mysteries from the authenticated annals of crime. Those to come, each complete in itself, will appear occasionally in Liberty.

EDMUND PEARSON

is widely known as a dynamic and uncompromising teller of true stories of murder. Liberty has published some of them; others can be found in his books, Studies in Murder, Murder at Smutty Nose, and Five Murders. He has also written of Queer Books, Dime Novels, and other interests that he cultivated while a librarian. Mr. Pearson is a Harvard graduate, class of 1902, and makes his home in New York City.

A DAY or two later Miss Wilmore came over to inquire anxiously about Harriet. Wainwright told her that he had sent Harriet to Brighton—doubtless for a rest and the sea air. A few days after that he came with some sad news. Harriet had not been true to him! Beguiled by the gayety of Brighton and the fascinations of their young friend Teddy Frieake, she had fled to the Continent with Teddy. They might even get married.

Now, Miss Wilmore did know a young fellow called Teddy or Edward Frieake, who had once called on Harriet. When he was inquired for, it was found that, instead of being on a frisky trip to Paris, he was going soberly about his business of auctioneer in London. Curiously enough, a letter came to Miss Wilmore, signed "E. Frieake," telling all about his elopement with Harriet. It ended gayly: "We are just off to Dover."

Teddy Frieake told Mr. Wainwright that if that was his idea of humor it was not appreciated. Said Teddy:

"This is a very serious imputation to cast upon my character, and if it got to the ears of the young lady I am engaged to, it will very likely ruin my happiness."

But the ready and affable Wainwright laughed it all off. He assured Teddy that "it is not you at all, but another fellow of the same name." Teddy insisted that this was rather curious; there were not so many Frieakes around loose. As he put it:

"Mine is not a Brown, Jones, or Robinson name."

But finally all inquiry ceased. Mr. Frieake's sweetheart was reassured; Teddy himself had his ruffled feelings soothed; and the docile Miss Wilmore actually seems to have been convinced. She continued to care for Harriet's babies, Wainwright paying for their support. Old Mr. Lane made a few feeble inquiries, but soon let the matter drop. When you have nine daughters it is hard to keep checked up on them all. No doubt someone was caring for Harriet, somewhere.

Nearly a year went by, and still Harriet did not reappear. Henry Wainwright's business affairs did not improve. One of his buildings was burned down, and he quarreled with the insurance company, which refused to settle. He sat in public houses, drinking more and more, but not getting any great amount of cheer out of it. I do not think that he now recited Eugene Aram at all. Meanwhile Thomas Wainwright, another of his brothers, had set up an ironmongery business in the Hen and Chickens building on the south side of the Thames. There were in this building some deep old cellars, dark and secret places.

As the anniversary of Harriet Lane's disappearance approached, two disasters fell upon Wainwright. He went bankrupt, and the mortgagee of the warehouse foreclosed and prepared to take possession. There had long been something peculiar about that place. An unduly curious dog which had been snuffling around there disappeared very quickly.

On September 11, a year to a day since Harriet Lane had gone to keep her appointment in Whitechapel Road, Wainwright asked a young man named Stokes, a former employee, to help him carry a parcel. Stokes agreed, and the two went to the warehouse together. Wainwright produced two heavy parcels wrapped in cheap oilcloth—the material which in England is called American cloth. These parcels were exceedingly offensive, and the unkindest cut of all came when Alice Day testified that she noticed an unpleasant smell in the carriage, but "thought it was the American cloth."

Wainwright and Stokes with some difficulty carried the two parcels along the street, looking for a carriage. Finally—making one more mistake—Wainwright himself went for the cab. Stokes, his curiosity aroused, opened one of the parcels slightly, and saw a human hand. He covered it up quickly, and waited in terror and consternation for his employer to return.

Then, still perplexed, he helped Wainwright put the two parcels into the carriage and saw him drive away. He recovered his courage and began his pursuit, pausing when the carriage would stop, and hiding in doorways. He saw Wainwright meet Alice Day—it was an accidental meeting—and invite her to "take a ride over London Bridge." She accepted, and became one of the most curious examples of the "innocent bystander."

At last Stokes' mind awoke to the fact that he had to do something more than follow the carriage. He began to shout, to appeal to police for help, and to work himself into a wild-eyed, panting, incoherent sleuth hound who almost saw his prey escape.

INSIDE the carriage, Alice Day was having a rather gloomy joy ride. Wainwright gave her a paper to read and said:

"Don't speak to me; I'm thinking."

She must have wondered why she was asked to come. It was like Wainwright's selfish disposition that, apparently for the purpose of giving the expedition a harmless aspect, he inveigled the girl into this trap, thus causing her arrest and detention for more than a week and nearly getting her tried for murder.

When Henry Wainwright and his brother Thomas were tried, the evidence against Henry was too strong to be explained away. Thomas's part in the plot seems to have been that he wrote the letter to Miss Wilmore signed "E. Frieake," and that he may have impersonated Teddy on the occasion of the call on Harriet. He also helped buy the "American cloth" and other things, including a spade and a "chopper." Luckily for his own neck, he did not take part in the ride over London Bridge.

How could Henry Wainwright have been so stupid as to make the three or four blunders of that September afternoon? Like many murderers, he was a vainglorious, egotistical person, clever rather than really able, and had come to feel a contempt for the intelligence of everyone because he had fooled a few. If a murderer is really skillful, of course we never hear of him nor suspect him at all. But he is usually a cruel egotist, and it follows that he is also, a good part of the time at least, a big fool.

The best that his lawyers could argue for Henry Wainwright was that the body was not that of Harriet Lane; or, if it was, she had committed suicide and he had taken fright.

THE identity of the mutilated remains was established in several ways: teeth, hair, and other indications. One of Wainwright's lawyers, pressing old Mr. Lane as to his ability to recognize the pitiful fragments, did his client poor service by making the old man recall that Harriet had a scar on her knee, caused by a burn when she was a child. It was found and the identification was complete.

Wainwright was found guilty and condemned to death. His brother Thomas, convicted as an accessory after the fact, was given seven years. Each tried to implicate the other as principal, but at the end, after many denials, Wainwright admitted the justice of his sentence. Stokes gained a reward which was to him a small fortune. He got thirty pounds, which enabled him to set up in business.

As for Alice Day, it would be pleasant to say that as soon as she was let out of jail theatrical managers began offering her engagements, that she prospered, changed her stage name, and finally rose to celebrity. But I am afraid I do not know that. It is safe to believe that the Pavilion Theatre kept a place open for her, welcomed her back, and that she was one of the chief attractions of their chorus. If she ever accepted any more invitations to go for rides, she must have looked carefully to see what was on the front seat of the carriage.

The chief character in the tragedy, Henry Wainwright, made his last appearance one dark cold December morning in the yard of Newgate Prison. A waning moon shone overhead; that and a flaring gaslight gave the sixty witnesses their light during the brief and dreadful event.

He looked at the group of spectators and muttered:

"Come to see a man die, have you, you curs?"

As with many and many other brutal murderers, his last moments were remarkable for the fact that he bore himself with dignity and courage.

Another real-life mystery story in this Strange Clues series by Mr. Pearson will appear in an early issue.

Gentle
—even with
CHILDREN

A laxative that tastes like CANDY—and forms no habit . . .

Children like Rexall Orderlies for their candy flavor. *You'll* like them for their gentleness—their natural, non-griping, corrective action. That's why these original chocolate-phenolphthalein laxative tablets are always safer for children, women and elderly people. Rexall Orderlies are made by the world's largest producer of drug store products, and sold exclusively at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

Rexall Drug Stores pay no middleman's profit; so they sell for less! Liggett and Owl Stores are Rexall Stores, too.

And

THE child was jumping up and down like a young imp on his precarious ledge of stone.

Pictures by
CHARLES DEFEO

The Story of a Cowgirl Who Roped Her Way into Society

(Reading time: 29 minutes 4 seconds.)

THE May family came originally from the neighborhood of Cheyenne, where Pa May once ranched with the best of them in the flat country. Before they joined the Rodeo, however, they had fallen on evil days and had taken employment on one of those plague spots known as dude ranches, up in the Big Horn country above Sheridan. Pa wrangled in the mornings (if you could call it wrangling) and rode out the rest of the day with the dudes, teaching them how to stay on a horse; while Dora made herself useful to everybody about the place, and incidentally learned a good deal about dude deportment. By the time she was nineteen, and joined up with the Rodeo, she could dance, play bridge and backgammon, carry on a moderately talkative flirtation, and use any number of knives and forks with dexterity.

At the end of her first summer, when she was only seventeen, she was already accepted by the New York and Boston débutantes who infested the place as very nearly one of themselves: she was such a pretty, good-humored girl, and she took so easily to their ways. She learned to dance by dancing with the débutantes; for there were never enough men dudes to go round at MF Bar, and it was next to impossible to persuade any of the cowboys to join in the party.

MF Bar was the smallest place of its kind in the Big Horn country, and the pair of Easterners who ran it—Joe Satterwaite and Mis' Satterwaite—made it almost inaccessible to common mortals. They used to consult small black books with red print on them before they admitted any guest, however rich. These small books, called Social Registers, were filled with names and mysterious initials, so that no natural human being could have known what they were about; but to Mis' Satterwaite it was all very plain.

And if the Malcolm James Venables could not be found in the little black books of New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago, they received a sweet little note in the next mail from Wyoming, expressing the Satterwaites' deep regret that there was no accommodation available at MF Bar that summer.

Dora was too completely inexperienced to be spoiled by these minor snobberies of Mis' Satterwaite's. The little black books remained a mystery to her to the very

The Hon. Roderick Hurried

By VINCENT SHEEAN

end of her stay at MF Bar, and it is doubtful if she knows even today what is meant by that exquisite phrase dilatory domiciles.

In compensation for her ignorance in this respect, she really got along very well with the dudes; whether their domiciles were dilatory or not, they were a pleasant crowd.

They all liked to play a game called polo, and sometimes they would buy Western ponies and take them back East to be initiated into this sport.

The only time Dora ever really hated a dude was the year that old Mr. Wigglethorpe, who didn't know how to ride anyway, bought her favorite pony and took him away to New York.

"Nonsense, child," Mis' Satterwaite had said. "There are a lot of ponies on the ranch. Mr. Wigglethorpe is paying four times what the animal's worth. What in the world do you expect us to do? After all, we run this ranch to make money."

Dora and Pa between them had not nearly enough money to bid against Mr. Wigglethorpe; so the horse—a monster named Dutch, as ugly and neckless a beast as you would meet in a year's journey, but very responsive—was ravished away.

"When we go back to Cheyenne, Pa," Dora said, "I think it wouldn't be a bad idea to see if we can't get some other kind of job. I'm a little tired of dudes—although some of them are all right. It won't be the same here at all without Dutch."

Pa, who was whittling at a stick, did not raise his eyes.

"Jobs is hard to get, Dora May," he said gently. "Still, I suppose we could look around. There might be something over to Laramie. We'll see."

But when they got down to Cheyenne what they saw was an astute impresario, a horse-opera manager, no other than that gentleman who took the Rodeo to London a few years ago. Now, of course, you know who Dora May is. It all comes back to you, doesn't it? She was the Queen of the Rodeo, the Peerless Cowgirl from Cheyenne, and the rest of it. We all read enough about her in the newspapers at the time. She was a Rodeo star all right, but it was not for that reason that her photograph decorated the pages of all the most elegant weekly magazines in England. But for the deficiencies of her wardrobe you would never have heard of her; for there were four other girls in the Rodeo that year, and Dora herself says they were all just as good at their job as she was.

"That girl of yours, Pa," said the astute impresario, meeting Pa May in the street in Cheyenne. "She still around?"

Pa shifted his tobacco to the left side of his face, gazed earnestly at the impresario, and nodded.

"She used to be a right smart rider, as I remember," said the managerial gentleman. "Could handle a rope, too. And a humdinger for looks."

"She ain't bad-looking," Pa admitted cautiously. Then, warming to his subject, he added, "And she's the best female rider that ever I seen. She never touched a saddle till she was near a grown girl, and right now she can do about as well without one as with. How's business?"

"I'd like to talk to her," said the manager. "We're a little shy on girls—couple of 'em sick or scared or something—and we're going to England in a week. Maybe your girl could go along and help us out. We don't ask the ladies to do anything fancy—just a little plain bareback and bucking. She could do it, easy."

"I don't want my girl to go gallivantin' around with no Rodeo," said Pa firmly, "no matter how easy you make it. My girl stays with me."

"Well," said the worried manager, "we could use a good hand to help out with the cattle, Pa. I wouldn't ask you to try any ridin', but maybe we could fix something up so's you and the girl could both come along.

"We got to find another girl or two, that's certain. They's a big call for smart-ridin' girls over there, they tell me. Let's go in here to the hotel and talk it over."

Dora was in favor of the project the moment she heard it mentioned.

"London?" she said, her eyes suddenly bright. "Why, Pa, what could be better? Just think, we'll see New York and London and maybe Paris too! And I've never been anywhere bigger than Cheyenne."

"You'd be better off if you never did go any place bigger'n Cheyenne," said Pa crustily. "I been to Denver four times, and all it ever meant to me was a headache and a flattened pocketbook. But the young people nowadays is full of these notions. London, eh?"

He snorted. But nevertheless he went. . . .

You who cross the Atlantic on express steamers in less than a week have no idea of the immensities traversed by Dora and Pa and their colleagues of the Rodeo. The journey from the port of New York to the port of London took them a good month, during which men and horses grew more bored than they had ever been in their lives, and even the accomplished lady riders—the "cowgirls"—waxed a little uncertain of temper. Poker and blackjack and seven-up, those reliable friends of the bunkhouse, lost their power to please after a week or so at sea, and the entire company offered up thanks when the dingy gray Thames opened at last to receive them.

"I CAN'T say it looks much airier or more comfortable than the boat," said Pa May critically, taking his first view of London. "It's considerable cramped up and close together, but anyways it's land. They's probably somewhere with space enough to ride in, or they wouldn't of brought us over, but I'd a dern' sight ruther be coming into Cheyenne, Dora May."

This opinion was not shared by Dora, either then or later. She took to London naturally (Pa said it was because one of his grandmothers had been English). She loved poking about the streets alone, when she could find time, and some of the geographical and historical information she acquired in the first two weeks would have been news to the oldest inhabitant. She was as serious and intent, as fascinated and indefatigable, as any tourist young lady you would meet from one end of Europe to the other. At ten o'clock every night, as had been her custom in Wyoming, she went to bed and read herself to sleep. The other lady riders, from their heights of experience and wisdom, regarded her as a slow-poke, and quite possibly they were right.

Affairs were in this state when the Rodeo opened at Wembley, and for about ten days thereafter. Everybody who was in England that year remembers the sensation the Rodeo made. Dressmakers launched Rodeo styles, and funny men in music halls made Rodeo jokes. An impassioned argument was started in one newspaper about the pronunciation of the

SHE was the Queen of the Rodeo, the Peerless Cowgirl from Cheyenne.

word; other newspapers took up the question, and before long all England was divided into two camps, those who said rody-O and those who said ro-DAY-o. At the height of the sensation, just when the Socialist members of Parliament had demanded in writing a statement of the government's attitude toward the Rodeo and the Unemployed, the invitation from Lord Pangways arrived.

"Funny people, these English lords," Pa May ruminated as he sat at lunch with his daughter in the Wembley lunchroom. "You'd think they'd have something better to do than give soarees in honor of a lot of seedy cow-punchers from Cheyenne. Well, I, for one, ain't a-goin'. I been stared at enough since I landed on this island. I'm goin' to stay home and play me a good game of solitaire."

"What in the world are you talking about, Pa?" Dora asked. "What English lord has been giving you parties?"

"Didn't you hear about that?" Pa demanded. "Well, you certainly don't talk much with the other girls and boys, Dora May, or you'd 'a' heard it first thing this morning. Some English dude named Lord Pangways has invited the whole derned Rodeo to a party next Tuesday night—a party in our honor, they say. It don't make much sense to me, but this is a queer country."

"Well, they can count me out, too," said Dora determinedly. "I have no dress I could wear to a party like that, and I don't want to go anyway. All they want to do is stare and feed us peanuts, as if we were creatures in the zoo."

TO this determination Dora stuck until the very day of the Pangways party. The fact that Lord Pangways was a very rich man—the richest man, some people said, in all England—only strengthened her resolution.

"If he's so rich all the other people are likely to be rich and grand too," she pointed out to Florabelle Marsh, another lady rider. "And what do you suppose they want us there for? As curiosities, that's all."

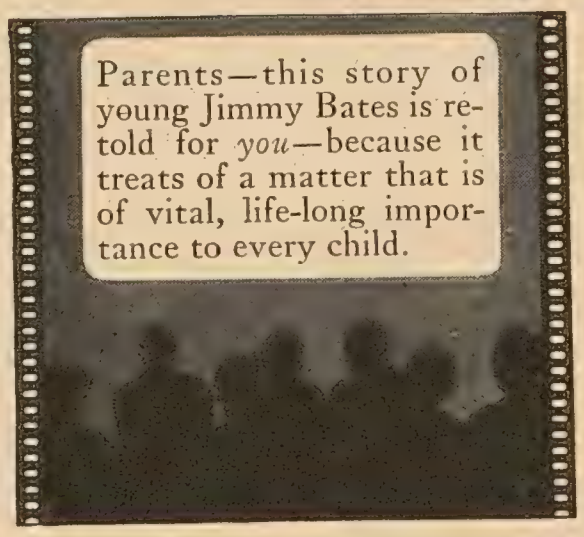
"Who cares?" Florabelle inquired. "They're just as much curiosities to us, ain't they? Mary Lou and I went downtown and got us some new dresses for the party, and Emmaline's got her pink chiffon, that's hardly been wore once since we left Cheyenne, and Rosie bought that new dress in New York, twelve fifty she paid for it, and we don't have too many pleasures around this dump anyway, so we're all a-goin'. If you want to stay home and look at your bedroom wall you're welcome to it."

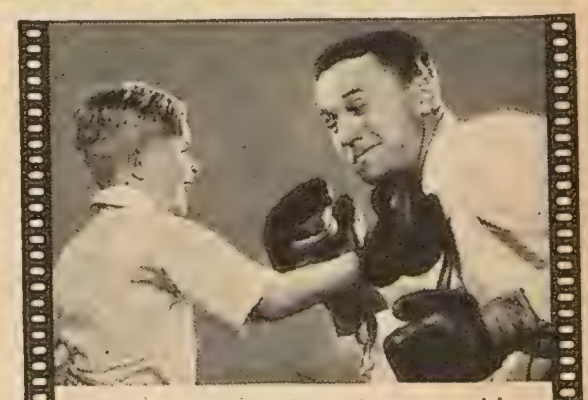
"What's all this about dresses?" the voice of the Cheyenne impresario called out from the entrance to the ring. "Didn't I tell you all you was to go as cowgirls? I want to speak to you when the show's over. Remember, buck plenty in front of that there royal box today. There's people in it. Hup!"

When the exhibition was over the

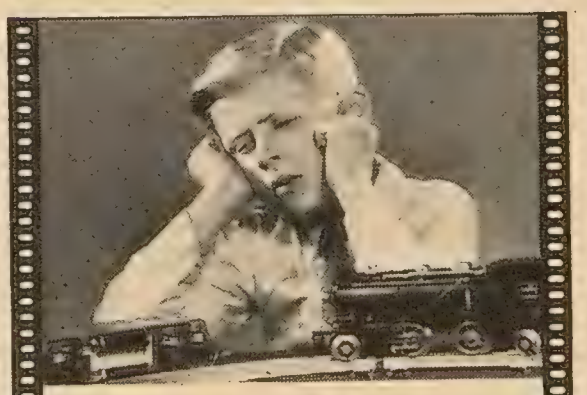
REAL LIFE MOVIES

. . . Jimmy and His Dad


Parents—this story of young Jimmy Bates is retold for *you*—because it treats of a matter that is of vital, life-long importance to every child.



2. An athlete and outdoor man himself, Jim Bates took keenest delight in watching his young son grow into robust boyhood. Then . . . one day . . .



3. Jim Bates realized how the boy had changed. How lifeless he had become. He no longer played with other boys . . . was "cranky" and irritable.

4. One day Jim came upon a scene that hurt him to the quick. Some boys were playing ball. And young Jim watching them . . . completely an outsider.

5. That night Jim talked it over with Martha. She smiled. "Don't worry, Jim. I took Jimmy to Dr. Landis today. He told me what to do—just wait!"

6. Mrs. Bates had never dreamed the trouble was—constipation. What a difference in young Jim when it was corrected! Just look at him now!

HERE'S THE "SOMETHING" MRS. BATES DID . . .

© G. F. Corp., 1932

Every parent should know what it was—for their children's sake. Mrs. Bates saw to it that Jimmy played outdoors—ate more fruit and vegetables, drank lots of water . . . and every morning—*regularly*—she gave him a bowl of Post's Bran Flakes.

Post's Bran Flakes, a natural "regulator," speeds up sluggish intestines gently, safely. And often brings new vigor to tired minds and bodies—new color to pale cheeks.

You'll find, too, that it is a most delicious food. So don't let intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of bulk in the diet, rob your children or you of the good things of life. Eat Post's Bran Flakes *regularly*. A General Foods product.

manager entered the dressing room used by Dora and the other four women.

"Look here," he said. "That invitation especially said everybody was to come in Rodeo clothes, cowmen and girls both. Didn't I make that all clear to you?"

"Yes," said Florabelle and Mary Lou and Emmaline all at once, "but we ain't a-goin' to do it."

"We don't want to go to a swell party dressed like a lot of hicks," said Rosie, the girl who had a dress from New York for twelve fifty. "We'd look fine dancing in Rodeo clothes, wouldn't we?"

The manager stroked his puzzled brow.

"They said they wanted you in Rodeo clothes," he said feebly. Then, his eye lighting on the silent Dora, he added, "And Pa says you don't want to go at all, Dora. Why's that?"

"I just don't want to," she said calmly. "I think it's silly."

"Silly!" said the manager. "A big rich man that owns a department store wants to honor you with a party, and you think it's silly! Dora May, you sure do beat hell sometimes. But I ain't goin' to let you stay home. I accepted this invitation in the name of the whole outfit, and practically guaranteed that everybody'd come. You've got to change your mind, that's all. That's orders."

There was a spark of temper in Dora's eyes for a moment; but as she gazed on the honest, perpetually worried face of the manager it was succeeded by a spark of something else—mischief, perhaps.

"All right," she said indifferently. "If I must go, I must. However, I haven't got a party dress and I'll go just in Rodeo clothes, as you say. If they want to see a cowgirl I'll give them a real cowgirl."

"Good girl, Dora," said the manager cheerfully, and made off without facing the continued mutiny of the other four.

They held to their first resolutions in this important matter, and when they arrived at Pangways House in Park Lane at half past ten on the night of the party they were as frilly and giggly a lot as you would see outside a schoolroom on visitors' day. The four lady riders who had dressed for the occasion came with four of the cowmen, also washed, greased, and pressed into new clothes; and their entrance supplied the first surprise of the evening to that eminent merchant and philanthropist, Lord Pangways.

"Eh, eh!" he squeaked at them, tapping his nose glasses against one round red jowl. "What's this? What's this? I thought you were all coming just as you are in the Rodeo! God bless my soul, how odd you do look! Couldn't they go home and change into cowboy dress, Jeffreys?"

JEFFREYS, the nervous impresario, perceived that Florabelle and Mary Lou were by no means pleased at their reception. And as for Emmaline, she looked positively dangerous. Only Rosie, serenely confident in the dress she had bought in New York for twelve fifty, seemed not to care what the old man said.

"No, sir, I don't see's how they can very well," said Jeffreys firmly. "They're wearin' their best clothes now, and I dunno what more they could do."

"I dare say you're right," said Lord Pangways, who was a good-hearted old gentleman when he could afford to be. "Well, come along, boys and girls—or cowboys and cowgirls—and have a glass of champagne. There's scarcely anybody here yet. There'll be a mob soon enough, milling around in this room, eating and drinking, mostly drinking; and that farther room down there is for dancing; and then there's a little room to play cards in, if you play cards. You must remember that this party is yours—it's in your honor, as the phrase goes—and you are to do exactly as you please."

Florabelle, walking nearest the old gentleman, simpered and cast down her eyes. With her right hand—a muscular brown member now disguised with powder—she raised an absurd little pink feather fan to her nose and gave out a gentle titter.

"That is," she said, "very sweet of your lordship."

Lord Pangways glanced at her hurriedly. He was not used to being called lordship by guests in his own house, but he assumed this to be a cowgirl custom, and recovered himself in time.

"We must get all our names straight," he went on, "so that we can introduce everybody to everybody else. I believe everybody introduces everybody to everybody else in America all the time. I'm anxious to do everything according to the strictest American proprieties, so as to please my sons and my daughter-in-law—above all my daughter-in-law. In fact, this party was her idea."

AT this moment Emmaline, who was accompanied by her brother, a cow-puncher named Red Dog, decided to enter the fray.

"Speak up, Red Dog," she said in a stage whisper. "Nobody's goin' to swaller you whole. Grab off one of these dudes and say something."

Obeying her own injunction, she turned to Lord Pangways with a dazzling smile.

"We're all looking forward to meeting your daughter-in-law," she said mincingly. "Is her ladyship coming tonight?"

Again the eminent merchant and philanthropist was a little startled; again he recovered by thinking of the strange cowgirl customs.

"My daughter-in-law's name is Mrs. Johnson," he said, "and she's gone to the theater. Of course she'll be along presently. It's her party, you see."

Emmaline was slightly surprised to find that the daughter-in-law of such a very rich lordship could be called anything so commonplace as Mrs. Johnson: it crossed her mind briefly that there might be something phony about the whole affair. But as the rooms began to fill up, and she was introduced successively to Mr. This and Lord That, all festively attired and filled with politeness, her suspicions vanished. She was just about to accept her third glass of champagne from a tall young man with a gardenia in his buttonhole when the voice of the manager was heard in her ear.

"Now where d'you suppose Dora is, and the rest of the boys?" the voice asked. "I told her special that she had to be here. I told her it was orders."

Emmaline turned to reply to this, and as she did her eyes rested upon a tableau which caused them to distend with astonishment. In the doorway of the first reception room, glancing bravely about as if in search of her host, was Dora May, but a Dora May quite unfamiliar to her companions of the Rodeo. Even in her professional costume, designed to thrill the hearts of the dudes, Dora had never been quite like this. She wore a leather skirt and boots, yellow silk blouse, and bright red scarf; her felt hat was rolled back from her flushed, excited face; and she had—wonder of wonders—a rope looped around her arm and shoulder. Slowly the others became aware of her there, and stared, fascinated. No longer spurs than Dora's had ever protruded from a cowboy's heel. And around her waist, as a sort of final extravagant challenge to the chiffon and orchids of the evening, she wore a loose-slung cartridge belt with a holster, revolver, and knife. A long sigh ran round the room—of apprehension or perhaps of relief—and a dozen voices were raised at last in expressions of this sort:

"Oh, *darling*, look!"

"Ah, a *real* one at last!"

"Now that's what I came here to see!"

"Well, thank the Lord!"

As Dora surveyed the marveling world before her she somehow became conscious of Lord Pangways, round and rosy, and turned full upon him.

"Hullo, stranger," she remarked breezily. "Are you the boss of this outfit? Meet the gang. These is the Rodeo boys and I'm Dora May from Cheyenne. Put 'er there, stranger!"

And as Lord Pangways, filled with a heady enchantment, put out one of his pudgy paws, he found it seized and pumped heartily.

"I'm most—most happy to see you," he said. "I was afraid you weren't coming. That is—I was afraid—I thought nobody like you would ever come. You must have a glass of champagne. You must meet a few people. It was most awfully kind of you to come, you know."

"O. K.," said Dora. "Well, this is my pal Puddin'-toe, here, and this is Dago Dan, and we might as well take on a little of that champagne right now, stranger; the boys is powerful thirsty."

With the rope swinging from one arm and Lord Pangways—a pleased, excited Lord Pangways—attached to the other, Dora made her way to the end of the room. In a moment she was surrounded by a dozen eager guests, all clamoring to be introduced at once. The eminent merchant and philanthropist was raised to one of the higher states of human happiness by this flattering tumult, and could have been heard to say, "My dear Miss May, let me present my daughter-in-law," or "my son Hector," or "my son Roderick," or "Lord Fiddlesticks," or "Miss Fiddledee."

LORD PANGWAYS' sons, the Hon. Hector Johnson and the Hon. Roderick Johnson, were as different as brothers can well be. The Hon. Hector was a monument of respectability, dignified to the point of being pompous, and immensely proud of his blonde American wife. The Hon. Roderick, a good many years younger than either Hector or Mrs. Hector, was the source of interminable worries to them. They wanted nothing more, Mrs. Hector frequently said with a sigh, than to see the poor boy safely married off to some nice girl. But the poor boy had hitherto declined to recognize any such necessity. Foot-loose and sometimes fancy-free, he caused his sister-in-law a good deal of pseudomaternal reflection. At this very moment, for instance, Mrs. Hector observed with dismay that young Roderick was foremost among the eager admirers of the extraordinary cowgirl from Cheyenne.

Emmaline, endangered by the stampede, and bent upon saving her pink chiffon party dress from Cheyenne, escaped into a more tranquil part of the room. Her young man with the gardenia—and with him her prospective glass of champagne—had vanished. She stood pensively regarding the scene for a moment until she was aroused by the voice of Mary Lou.

"My skirt is tore," said Mary Lou, "and somebody walked on my feet, and I ain't sure but what I been kicked. Seems to me Dora's started a kind of a riot. Do you think she's drunk?"

"I never knew that girl to touch more'n half a drop of port wine on New Year's Eve," said Rosie, who limped up to join them, "but she's sure runnin' wild. What do you suppose come over her?"

"It ain't natural," said Emmaline reflectively. "There's something

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STILL KEEPS ACCURATE TIME

NEW YORK, N. Y., (Special)—"Ready?" bellows a voice from the 54th floor of the Empire State Building. "Ready!" faintly answers a voice from the depths of the fire tower shaft. A pause—an eerie sound of something plunging through space—a thud in the net below! Pocket Ben has made the leap of nearly 600 feet!

Officials rush forward. They pick up Pocket Ben. This Westclox watch is intact. They listen anxiously. His friendly ticking reassures them. They compare his time with their own watches. On time to the second!

Again Westclox Pocket Ben has done the "impossible." Again he has met a "Severest Test" successfully.

Shock-proof? Yes, that's Pocket Ben. He survives the most extraordinary "circus stunts." The Westclox quality which enables Pocket Ben to withstand such shocks is the quality you want in your watch. As millions of Pocket Ben owners know *this low-priced watch keeps good time* wherever his owner takes him.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Ill.
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CORRECT to the second! At left, Josef Israels, II, of Empire State, Inc., gives official O.K. to successful leap of Pocket Ben. Dotted line shows tremendous leap dared by Pocket Ben in Empire State Building, New York.

Thinner, smaller and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben comes with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, and convenient pull-out set. Tested in three positions. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family.

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Another sturdy, reliable watch

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phony about the whole business. Dora's talking like a Wild West actor in the movies. There ain't a bit of grammar left in her. Did you notice?"

"Whatever it is," said Florabelle, joining the parliament, "these dudes sure take to it without coaxin'. Did you hear what she called poor old Tom? 'My pal Puddin'-toe.' And Dan she called 'Dago Dan.' That girl's up to something, Emmaline McGee."

As these sentiments were being expressed, Dora, refusing more than her first glass of champagne, was saying to the Hon. Roderick Johnson:

"I can't give you no more than the third and the fifth, stranger. I've got the first two and the fourth promised to a couple of bozos here on my left. But I tell you what you can do. You can hold my rope for me while I dance the first two. I got to hang it somewhere."

The Hon. Roderick Johnson, captain in His Majesty's Life Guards, wore a lariat over his left shoulder during the next two dances. He wore it still when he came upon Dora to claim his first dance.

"You dance," said the Hon. Roderick, "like an angel. I didn't know that dancing was part of the Rodeo technique."

Dora trod heavily on his toe.

"I'm plumb crazy about dancin'," she confided, "and I don't think nothin' of ridin' four hours into Big Horn to dance all night when I kin. But I make a lot of mistakes, too, when my spurs git in my way."

At a somewhat more advanced hour of the evening the Hon. Mrs. Hector Johnson sought out her father-in-law and engaged him in serious conversation.

"It's Roddy," she said plaintively.

"Of course," said Lord Pangways. "It's always Roddy."

"It's impossible to know what that boy'll do next," said Mrs. Hector.

"What's he done now?" Lord Pangways asked. "Enjoyed himself, I'm sure, but there's no harm in that."

"He's been making a perfect fool of himself over that cowgirl," said Mrs. Hector explosively. "Hanging about after her all evening, dancing with her whenever he can, holding her ridiculous lariat for her when he can't. Diana says she overheard him asking the creature to luncheon tomorrow."

"Nothing very drastic can happen at lunch," said Lord Pangways mildly. "And anyway, my dear, what does it matter? There's nothing like you fashionable American women for fussing over trifles. She seems a nice girl, and picturesque too, I'm sure."

THE Hon. Mrs. Hector Johnson had, she considered, ceased to be an American twelve years before when she married Lord Pangways' elder son and heir. But she allowed this reminder of her original nationality to pass unprotested for once.

"I know, father," she said impatiently. "Of course she's picturesque, but what's that got to do with it? Roddy's perfectly capable of falling in love with her, you know. He's capable of anything foolish. Nobody'd ever know that boy was twenty-five years old. You ought to go and do something—get him to talk to Diana or some other nice girl. Interfere."

In the course of a long and extremely successful life, which had brought him from a small shop in the north of England to Park Lane, a Regent Street department store, and a peerage, there was one thing Lord Pangways had never done: he had never interfered in the affairs of his own family. He had allowed the late Lady Pangways, a woman of energy and ambition, to arrange the details of these things while he made the money. It was the late Lady Pangways who saw to it that the elder son went into politics, while the younger got a commission in the Guards; it was the late Lady Pangways who bought the house in Park Lane and filled it nightly with what might, by and large, have been called London Society. In the present emergency, invited by the masterful wife of his elder son to interfere between his younger son and an American cowgirl with a revolver at her belt, the eminent merchant and philanthropist owned himself stumped. It is difficult to imagine how he could have handled the situation with credit, had not a diversion occurred. But fortunately for his peace of mind the diversion did occur, and the Hon. Hector's wife was the first to perceive it.

"Good heavens," she said, "what's going on in there? I do hope Roddy hasn't done something awful."

They turned toward the ballroom, whence a little flurry of half screams and exclamations had aroused Mrs. Hector's interest. The music was not playing, and not many people were in the room; those who were seemed to be directed toward the glass doors at the end, which looked out on a balcony and Park Lane. Moved by presentiment (or by plain curiosity), Mrs. Johnson made her way with all possible speed into the ballroom and down toward the end where half a dozen flustered couples had now congregated.

LORD PANGWAYS, grateful for any change of subject, was hard at her heels.

"What's happened, Diana?" Mrs. Johnson asked a long-faced girl at her elbow.

The girl turned solemn, scared eyes upon her hostess.

"It's little Hector," she said, almost in a whisper. "Don't be alarmed—don't say anything or you'll frighten him. He's got out of bed and out on to the balcony somehow. Roderick has gone down to try to get him."

Mrs. Johnson made a low gasping noise and shoved relentlessly until she came to the opened glass doors. Lord Pangways, still puzzled at these events, kept close in her train.

What follows takes a great deal longer to tell than it did to happen. Actually it was all over in a minute. What Lord Pangways and his daughter-in-law saw from the open doors of the ballroom on the third floor was a shallow balcony on the floor beneath. On the flat, narrow balustrade of this balcony was prancing young Hector Johnson, Mrs. Hector's sole offspring, aged five. Beneath him, on the other side of the balcony, was a drop of two generous stories to the narrow garden and the pavement of Park Lane. The child was looking upward eagerly, interested in all these evidences of a party; and perhaps from sheer exuberance, or perhaps because the pyjamas he wore were not very warm, he was jumping up and down like a young imp on his precarious ledge of stone.

As his mother and grandfather, silent and horrified, stared down at this spectacle two things happened at once. From the window on the floor beneath a voice—rather a tense voice it was—said, "Steady on, there, Hector, me boy. If you won't come in your Uncle Rod'll have to come out and capture you. Stand still for a minute and see if I don't."

And at the same moment a rope, coming from somewhere near Lord Pangways and Mrs. Johnson, landed smoothly over the child's shoulders and swiftly tightened. The owner of the voice on the floor below—the Hon. Roderick Johnson, captain in His Majesty's Life Guards—leaped across the balcony and caught the surprised child just as he was lifted off his perch and swung in the air.

Even Emmaline and Florabelle and Red Dog, who were there, describe this operation as a very neat trick. Lord Pangways and Mrs. Johnson, who were also there, had no idea at the time what a neat trick it was. They were dazed with the successive shocks of fear and relief. Mrs.

NEXT WEEK—

HAVE WOMEN MADE A MESS OF POLITICS?

ABSOLUTELY!

says

Jay Franklin

Also stories and articles by

Frank E. Verney—Dorothy Cottrell—Lowell Thomas—John W. Vandercook—and others

Johnson sniffled softly into her handkerchief. Lord Pangways, blowing his nose, felt a hand upon his arm. It was Dora May, the extraordinary Wild West cowgirl, and for the first time it occurred to his lordship that she must have been the manipulator of the rope.

"I'm going home, Lord Pangways," she was saying. She seemed rather disturbed—as if she, too, might burst into tears at any moment. "I can see my father in the next room—he's come for me. It's been an awfully nice party and you were very kind to ask me. I ought perhaps to explain that I've been masquerading all evening as—as the kind of a cowgirl I thought you wanted to see. It was rather—well, flippant—of me, but I didn't mean to deceive or annoy anybody. I didn't have a party dress, and I rather resented— Oh, dear! Well, anyway, good night."

And the girl was gone—running, almost, in her absurd leather skirt and spurred boots, to the door. The only article of her cinematographic equipment left behind was her lariat, which presumably still engirdled the small form of his lordship's grandson. In the exclamatory outburst which followed the exit of the evening's heroine Lord Pangways was again submerged. As he says when he tells the story, it all happened so rapidly that he really didn't know, God bless his soul, whether he was on his head or his heels. From this lamentable ignorance he was rescued by the advent of his younger son Roderick.

"I've turned the little imp over to his nurse," Roderick announced in matter-of-fact tones. "And where's that girl? Dora, I mean. Here's her rope. Do you know what might have happened if she hadn't thrown it at the right moment? I'd have lost my bright young nephew, and you your only grandson—that's clear!"

These statements restored to Lord Pangways the qualities of enterprise, decision, and authority upon which, as is well known, his fortune was built.

"She's started home," said his lordship, "at a hell of a gait. If you hurry up you can catch her. Ask her to dine tomorrow—ask her to lunch—ask her anything. Only hurry up—quick!"

And the Hon. Roderick hurried.

Nowadays, when Lord Pangways tells this story to his grandson Hector—as he is compelled to do rather frequently—he generally ends with a few philosophical reflections of value to the young.

"It all happened," he says instructively, "because your Aunt Dora didn't have a party dress. And if Aunt Dora and Uncle Roddy ever ask you to visit them out West on their ranch, you must make them teach you to throw a rope. It might be useful in more places than the Rodeo, to catch other things besides steers."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is caoutchouc?
2—What is grout?
3—How many bones are there in the human body?
4—What is the height of the Rock of Gibraltar?
5—What was the original Old Guard?
6—Which of the present sovereigns has ruled the longest?
7—Of what is pewter composed?
8—Which is the largest salt-water lake in the world?
9—What peculiarity does the duckbill possess?
10—What is John D. Rockefeller's middle name?
11—What is a plantain?
12—What is a cretin?
13—Who was Ole Bull?
14—Who founded Buddhism?
15—What stone tablet inscribed in three languages made possible the deciphering of Egyptian hieroglyphics?
16—Who invented the harmonica?
17—Of what was the liquor used for a wassail composed?
18—What is a vaticide?
19—What is meant by ullage?
20—What was the name of the famous horse ridden by Don Quixote?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

Question—How does Chocolate Vitavose differ from ordinary milk drinks? (*See page 47 for answer*).

Call a halt, once for all

to this mealtime wrangling...!

You only wear yourself out when you try to force the children to eat.

Too often they ignore your threats, bribes, and coaxing simply because they haven't any appetite. They may not be getting enough Vitamin B!

This is a food factor often lacking in the diet of children. Its daily loss affects their appetite, makes them fretful and irritable.

Perhaps this explains what is wrong with your children right now!

Make sure they receive enough Vitamin B for healthy appetite by giving them a delicious new food drink—*Chocolate Vitavose!*

Three heaping teaspoonfuls of Chocolate Vitavose supply as much of the appetite-stimulating factor as a *whole quart* of milk. It also contains iron and other building-up elements. Children like its flavor.

Start to give it to them today. Chocolate Vitavose may be obtained at any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE VITAVOSE
A delicious new food drink

I Can Hardly Believe

A Portrait of a Happy Man, Silent Seven Years, Who Is Seeking to Right the World Through Love

(Reading time: 9 minutes 55 seconds.)

"I WANT you to come to tea," said my friend, "with Shri Sadguru Meher Baba."

"With what?"

My friend smiled in her most superior manner.

"With the new perfect master from India."

I am not much on perfect masters, myself. Or on tea. But my friend was insistent. So off we went to visit her globe-trotting Parsee. But in the taxicab my reluctance grew into a sort of terror.

"What language does this friend of yours speak?" I asked.

"He doesn't speak at all," was the reply. "He hasn't spoken for seven years."

The interview was looking sourer and sourer to me.

"What did you say his name was?" I asked in desperation.

My companion was very patient. "Shri," she said, "which means Sir. Sadguru, which means perfect master. Meher, which means compassionate. And Baba, which means father."

Sir Perfect Master Compassionate Father! That was a large order. But I must say that Shri Sadguru Meher Baba, in spite of the fact that he had dressed up for tea in an imitation-chinchilla coat and light-gray flannel pants, looked every inch the part. Not very many inches, to be sure; for Baba—that's what I decided to call him—was small, in the Oriental fashion; yet somehow strangely impressive.

How, in such a get-up, he managed to be anything but funny was more than I could see. Certainly it was not the sartorial or tonsorial effect of Shri Sadguru Meher Baba, as he sat draped over the soft red upholstery of Mrs. Phelps Stokes' best square-backed couch, that kept me from laughing out loud. It must have been—although I was loath to admit it—the man himself.

A stunning yellow-headed, ruddy Englishwoman was pouring Baba's tea—on her knees by a small tabouret in front of the Sadguru. Baba is not married. At thirty-seven, he even flirts tentatively with the doctrine of celibacy as a sort of world sedative. But his disciples made it clear that he did not prescribe celibacy for his followers.

"Sex for me," he said, "does not exist."

Of course, he did not *say* it; but he communicated it to me by a method I'll explain in a minute.

"Modern marriage is too much of a business affair," he continued. "No wonder it so often results in divorce. Husband and wife should put each other first. It is essential for a happy family life that selfless love should predominate over lust."

I ventured to suggest that we who live in America had a good many problems right now besides sex problems. Baba smiled sympathetically, humorously. His smile was like an open fire in a cold house.

"Things *have* been messed up a good deal here," he said, "by lack of understanding."

The fact that this Parsee messiah was discussing our American problems in American language as naturally as if he had lived here all his life didn't seem so strange as you might think.

And the fact that he was discussing them, not with his perfectly good voice but by means of letters which he pointed to on a small blackboard which he held on his lap, did not seem strange, either.

Seven-year silences, it seems, are not uncommon events among the holy men of India. The uncommon thing about Baba's was that he made you forget it so soon and so completely. He could "talk" in seven different languages on his little board, and could spell out his words in any of the seven faster than human eye could follow. He was articulate in many other ways, this odd little man who had come out of the East to save the world. He talked with his eyes, which I m say are the largest and softest and shiningest and smilinge ever saw; and with jolly little grunts; and with affectio pats of approval and agreement. Then there was his sr

"What are you going to do," I asked, "for this 'messed-country of ours?"

"It is my country, too," he said simply.

Apparently he feels that way about every country. W Gandhi came to him and asked him to help him, Baba repl

"Not until you abandon politics. I have no politics."

Baba is not an Indian in the sense that Gandhi is. He Persian, born in Poona, South India, on February 25, 1 He was by birth a racial internationalist. And by professi religious one. He tolerated, he said, all cults and all fa His aim was to make those who professed faith worthy o faith they professed. It happened that he himself was bor the religion of Zoroaster, but he was apparently no proselyt for any creed or dogma.

"I intend to bring together all religions and cults like b on one string and revitalize them," he said, "for individual collective needs. This is my misson to the West."

His special reason for visiting *us* for the purpose of breal his seven-year silence was, he said, that America, being deeply engrossed in material things, and suffering most consequence, was the soil in which a new spiritual rebi would first take place.

"When you break your silence," I asked, "how will you d it? By radio?"

"Surely not by radio!" exclaimed one of his London d ples in his most horrified British manner.

"Why not?" spelled out Baba on his board.

Skeptic that I was, I could not doubt his sinc Or his courage. When I asked him to particul about the kinds of messing up to which we in Ame had been subjected, he might easily have so refuge behind one of the general, vague assertio principle with which all Eastern writings are fill

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

is the author of such sprightly books as This King Business, and has been a magazine editor and publisher. During the World War he served in the War, Treasury, and Interior Departments.

"AMERICA has great energy," he said, "b great deal of it is misdirected; and misdir energy produces destructive complexes, and the turn produce fear, greed, lust, and anger, w result in moral and spiritual decay."

"Those are strong words," I protested.

He smiled reassuringly. He certainly could wonders with that smile!

"Is your aim to help us with our spiritual prob or our practical problems?" I asked.

"Our spiritual problems *are* our practical ones

"And just how do you intend to help?"

"The help I will give will produce a chang heart in thousands, and then right thinking and ing will result automatically."

"Will that solve the depression problem?"

"It will solve *every* problem."

"Prohibition?"

"Yes—and the problem behind prohibition," he said. do not believe in drink, and none of my followers drink. B know that prohibition should never have been put in effect t way it was."

"All at once?"

"Yes. Spirits should have been barred, but not beer a wine. Then we might have had a law that could be enfor As it is, we have a law which makes money for dishonest offi and increases all vices everywhere."

You may not agree with this opinion. But, at least, it *i* opinion. I had to admit that, for all his seven-year silen

It, Myself

By
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Acme photo

Shri Sadguru Meher Baba, Parsee messiah, with the board on which, while silent, he spells out his message.

r Baba had said more in e few spelled-out sen-es than many a senator arty platform maker had thed in seven-hour ches.

I believe in self-control," ontinued, "not in coer-Coercion is based on ession, and results in and hatred. Self-control ires courage, and may be ced by love. We will do y things for those whom ove which we would not narily do—which we ld not ordinarily have the ngth of mind and power How many habits have been able to break, ugh love, which we would r have had the strength reak without love? And when the love is universal love, abits which are detrimental, either to the individual or to ocial order, will be dissolved in its light.

t is the same way with this economic situation you were g me about," he added. "There is a very close connection ween a man's character and his circumstances, between his rnal environment of thoughts and desires and his external ironment. 'As within, so without,' is the law.

If we are dissatisfied with our environment, it is usually use we do not know how to adjust ourselves properly to the ronment. Instead of thinking, 'How can I get out of this?' becoming discouraged or depressed, we should think, at is the lesson I should learn from this experience?'

Poverty, if cheerfully endured, provided one does one's to find work, develops humility and patience, and can tly assist spiritual progress. It is a test of character. I v it is difficult to be cheerful when starving, but all the th-while things are difficult.

Even millionaires are unhappy unless they have learned ink and live rightly."

sked him if he thought a general acceptance of his doctrine ove would bring about a more equable distribution of what and I need every day—money.

It must," he replied. "Suppose we all loved each other deeply as we now love the one whom we love best. The most tural desire of love is to share what one has with the beloved. desire to share with everyone would produce a condition r which it would be a disgrace rather than an honor for ne to possess more than anyone else."

ex. Prohibition. Poverty. All were to be banished by e!

"Do you expect to do this all at once?" I asked.

"No. But sooner than you think. People will respond."

"Why?"

"They will have to."

He did not explain. But he didn't need to: I knew he would say that the compelling force would be love.

"What are you going to do first?" I asked.

"Go to China. But I shall come right back. I am only staying there a day."

I knew he had recently come sixteen thousand miles from his native India by way of Port Said, Marseilles, Southampton, and Greenwich Village. And now he was planning to go to China just for a day. To China, by way of Hollywood and Honolulu!

"I want to lay a complete cable," he said, "between the East and the West."

I did not laugh. I might have, half an hour before. I am sure I would have three years before, when the gospel of acquisitiveness was saving, or enslaving, the world. But now, God knows, we need a cable layer, a Sadguru, a perfect master—someone to lead us out of the slough of materialistic despond—and if he comes in the guise of a mustachioed Parsee in an imitation-fur pyjama jacket and gray flannel pants, who cares?

AND, after all, why shouldn't he? In his *ashram* in India—an *ashram* is a sort of retreat—Baba is treated almost as a god. Listen to the words of a disciple:

"The devotion inspired by Shri Meher Baba has to be seen to be believed. Practically everyone in the *ashram* would have laid down his life for the master. A glance or a touch from him was more esteemed than a handful of jewels. *Even at a slight reproof men have been known to sob for days.*"

"Oh, that's all right for India," you say; "but this—"

Well, here he was, this "perfect master," in his doubtful chinchilla jacket, on Mrs. Phelps Stokes' square-backed sofa. And here was I, the unbeliever, sitting joyously beside him.

He just looked at me and smiled. I think I smiled, too. We sat that way a long time. I know you will laugh, but we *did!* Baba believes in meditation; and when you are with him you believe as Baba does. I can hardly believe it now, but I distinctly remember I was having a good time.

Everybody does have a good time with Baba; for he is that rare being, a happy man!

THE END

Chee-Ak, the mighty hunter and leader of the Eskimos in the arctic picture, Igloo.

The Washington Masquerade presents the histrionic Lionel Barrymore and Karen Morley.

Business and Bi

The Rise of Joan Crawford a Revival of The Clav Chinese Film Amo

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 8 minutes 27 seconds.)

THE recent smash hit of Letty Lynton demonstrates the growing vogue of Joan Crawford.

Miss Crawford has been up among the first six or eight box-office stars for at least a year, but right now she bids fair to dispute the preëminence of Garbo. She is easily the top-ranking American-born star.

The frocks and coats she wore in Letty Lynton have set new feminine fashions and they will have a marked effect on fall modes. This, of course, is the ultimate in stellar popularity.

Miss Crawford deserves unlimited credit for her progress. She came to Hollywood a dancer out of a Broadway night club. She has developed, wholly on her own, into an excellent actress. There are those who credit the young Doug Fairbanks, her husband, with this magical transformation. At least, these two personify the most constructive of Hollywood marriages, for it has improved them both. I suspect that Miss Crawford has grown through a rare combination of vitality, beauty, a natural gift of observation and acting, and an ability to adapt the best features of other actresses to herself.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ½ SKYSCRAPER SOULS

CAST

David Dwight ..... Warren William
Lynn ..... Maureen O'Sullivan
Vinmont ..... Gregory Ratoff
Jenny ..... Anita Page
Sarah ..... Veree Teasdale
Tom ..... Norman Foster
Norton ..... George Barbier
Jake ..... Jean Hersholt
Slim ..... Wallace Ford
Ella Dwight ..... Hedda Hopper
Myra ..... Helen Coburn
Bill ..... John Marston

Directed by Edgar Selwyn.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Based on a current novel by Faith Baldwin, this presents a symposium of the heartbreaks hidden by the modernistic, blatant front of a towering, magnificent structure of steel and stone. Unfortunately, the author and the movie makers try to embrace too much. The film has too many story themes and runs too long.

It does, however, present a remarkable picture of the skyscraper's creator, the hard, handsome David Dwight, who is just as tricky in his business dealings as in affairs of his personal life.

This Dwight, a ruthless player with fate, is splendidly depicted by Warren William. There is an excellent performance of his private-secretary-mistress by Veree Teasdale.

In the mélange of counterplots there is depicted the way a manipulated stock is sent skyrocketing and then crashed to earth. This will carry a poignant message to many an ex-market player.

★ ★ THE WASHINGTON MASQUERADE

CAST

Jeff Keane ..... Lionel Barrymore
Consuela Fairbanks ..... Karen Morley
Ruth Keane ..... Diane Sinclair
Brenner ..... Nils Asther
Senator Withers ..... Reginald Barlow
Babcock ..... William Collier, Sr.
Senator Hudge ..... William Morris
Mona ..... Rafaela Ottiano
Hinsdale ..... C. Henry Gordon
Senator Bitler ..... Burton Churchill
Stapleton ..... Henry Kolker

Directed by Charles Brabin.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The films continue their disillusioning glimpses into our national political hokum. Up to date, however, they have not equaled the complete job performed by radio in broadcasting the two big conventions.

Oddly enough, this melodramatic panorama of Washington politics, The Washington Masquerade, is an Ameri-

Ralph Graves, Lila Lee, and Jack Holt form the triangle in the Chinese-revolution-flavored War Correspondent.

A blatant, modernistic background of business and romance forms the keynote of Skyscraper Souls. Part of the romance is shown above by Norman Foster and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Barrymore, Blizzards

Faith Baldwin Novel, Arctic Epic, and a Recent Pictures

JAMES SMITH

canized version of an old French play, The Claw, written by Henri Bernstein. Then it portrayed the downfall of a French radical. Now it is a story of a homespun man of the people who sells himself to the water-power interests for the sake of a woman set by the big interests to ruin him. He marries her, finds her unfaithful, and sees his life wrecked.

Lionel Barrymore (who, by the way, played the same rôle in the stage version) gives one of his unctuous screen characterizations as Jeff Keane, the hinterland Samson whose locks are shorn. You will find him spectacular in everything he does, from swaying the Senate and overawing lobbyists to riding roughshod over political bosses. Indeed, the picture is a Barrymore three-ring circus.

★ ★ IGLOO

CAST

Native hunter and leader	Chee-Ak
The native girl	Kyatuk
Her brother	Toyuk
Her father	Lanak
Medicine Man	Nah-Shuk

Directed by Ewing Scott.
Produced by Universal.

Your little difficulties will shrink to minor unpleasantnesses when you view the problems of the Eskimos. Here you see a tribe trek to the sea with the first blizzards of an arctic winter at its heels.

The makers of this picture filmed their story in the arctic, with real natives as actors. The story tells how two arctic lovers fight against the tribal custom of discarding the weak and ill, and how the two struggle to save the girl's father despite the machinations of a bad medicine man. Between the simple pantomime of the natives and the rugged, desolate backgrounds, the picture attains a certain spirit of rigorous, stark interest.

★ WAR CORRESPONDENT

CAST

Jim Kenyon	Jack Holt
Franklyn Bennett	Ralph Graves
Julie March	Lila Lee
Wu Sun	Victor Wong
Fang	Tetsu Komai

Directed by Paul Sloane.
Produced by Columbia.

With a background of Shanghai and Chinese revolution, this melodrama presents a cowardly hero (a famous war correspondent) and a heroic villain (an unscrupulous soldier of fortune), both in love with a charmer of none too rigid morals. The bad boy saves the girl from bandits, smashing his plane and killing himself.

Ralph Graves is none too happy as the reporter; Jack Holt is adequate as the adventurer; Lila Lee is lovelier than ever as the girl; and there is a swell bit by Tetsu Komai.

Do you know that—

Jean Harlow may play the Negro cabaret heroine of Lulu Belle, acted on the stage by Lenore Ulric?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby.

★★★—What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous.

SHOOT AND

Captain von Betzman Sees Red and Draws His Sword—Plot and Counter-Plot—The Fräuleins of Rastatt—Betrayed by a Spy—To Heuberg, Camp of Life or Death, and Back Again

(Reading time: 28 minutes 5 seconds.)

"THE Battle of Rastatt" in Sergeant Halyburton's story comes now to its breath-taking crisis. The Germans, aware that they are losing the war, are doing their best to undermine the loyalty of their American prisoners at Rastatt—who by September, 1918, number nearly 3,000. Opposition centers in Halyburton and his comrades from Tuchel.

So far, these fifty fighting Yanks have the situation well in hand. They are secretly censoring the prisoners' mail before the Germans see it. Halyburton has induced an *Unteroffizier*, Otto by name, to tip him off to developments in the commandant's office—fateful orders from Berlin, for example. All the honors of the "battle," in its preliminary skirmishes, are his.

But toward the close of last week's installment a new and formidable antagonist appeared at Rastatt. This was Captain von Betzman, sent by the German War Ministry. His first move was to try to get Halyburton to let propaganda newspapers into the camp. When the sergeant refused, the captain offered him wine, woman, and song, and a cash competence for life. Halyburton admits that, with a homicide charge hanging over him back in France, the offer did look pretty good to him.

What follows is an authentic war document. The names of all persons, except obviously true names and that of Halyburton, have been changed. With these exceptions all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

Part Nine—A Strafe and a Reprieve

I LOOKED at the newspapers in which my future lay folded. The long columns came to life. The words marched. Here was the new army of the enemy.

"What do you say, sergeant?"

"Save your nickels, captain. I'll have to turn down your proposition. You're a German and I grant you the right to defend your country. I'm an American and I expect you to grant me the same."

Captain von Betzman lost his composure entirely. He jumped up and thumped the table.

"God damn your country and your hypocritical President!"

I stood up and replied in kind: "God damn Germany, your four-flushing Kaiser, and you too!"

The captain choked up and went for his sword like a villain in a melodrama. I reached for the table, wondering how good a shield it would make.

If he meant to run me through, he thought better of it and only banged the table top with his blade.

"I ought to kill you, you son of a ——!" he raged, trying to sheathe his sword again, but so beside himself that he could not find the hole in the scabbard.

Taking courage, I ventured a gibe: "Let me help you with your sword, captain."

The hilt clashed on the scabbard top and *Hauptmann* von Betzman of Berlin, agent of the Imperial War Ministry, stormed out of my office. Geoghegan came in with a report that he had seen him leave the camp in a staff car, "looking like a box of dynamite with a half inch of fuse on it."

Calling in my company commanders and secret operatives, I advised them to be more than ever vigilant. Otto brought me word that von Betzman had returned to Berlin.

"Thith ith bad buthineth," lisped the *Unteroffizier*, looking like a hunted animal. Yet, frightened as he was, he had involved himself so deeply that I believed he could still be trusted.

Rumors that American officers interned at Villingen were being treated like kings in exile had drifted around our camp for weeks. Women and liquor were part of their regular allowances, it was said.

I had laughed at the gossip. I thought I knew officers as well as I did privates.

So it happened that I was more than a little startled and puzzled when, soon after my quarrel with von Betzman, the *Kommandeur* ordered me to prepare quarters for a party of American officers who would arrive that evening from Villingen for an inspection of our camp.

I arranged quarters for the visitors at the hospital, and

BE DAMNED!

By SERGEANT ED HALYBURTON, D.S.M.

As told to
RALPH GOLL

THE captain choked up and went for his sword like a villain in a melodrama. I reached for the table, wondering how good a shield it would make.

then assigned some of my best under-cover men to act as their orderlies.

At eight o'clock that night one of the orderlies showed up at my office.

"They're here, sarge," he announced. "A captain, a silver-bar louey, and a major—three dirty deuces trying to pass as kings."

"You think they've sold out?"

"Hell, no! They haven't got the brains. They're lightweights, and the Germans have puffed them up."

About eleven o'clock the next day the inspection party appeared at the main gate. We were ready, our uniforms clean, our barracks spotless. The gate opened and in marched an American major flanked on one side by Old von Bunkshooter and on the other by von Betzman. Behind them came the other United States army officers, escorted by the *Kommandeur's* staff.

I went blind with fury, it being perfectly obvious now that von Betzman had engineered some kind of trick.

By the time the leaders of the party were in line with me I had myself under control again. I saluted smartly. Von Betzman turned his head away from me.

I fell in at the rear, and from casern to casern I followed the parade. Von Betzman and the commandant were taking credit for everything that appealed to the visitors' eyes.

I said nothing. No one spoke to me.

The party turned to a kitchen. Old von Bunkshooter thrust a dipper into a soup boiler.

"You see, major, your men are getting plenty of meat and potatoes in their soup," he said.

The major cleared his throat. "Yes, it is clear that Germany is giving the American prisoners excellent care. I'll be glad to write an article for the American public describing what you are doing."

I could hold myself in leash no longer. Walking up to him, I jabbed a thumb into his ribs.

"One moment, major."

The officer turned, his eyes widening.

"Major, if you know what's good for you, you won't write anything about Rastatt. This is a propaganda camp. It's true that the Germans are treating us well, but everything they do for us has a purpose behind it."

"I didn't know, sergeant," the major stammered. "I didn't stop to think."

"You stopped to think when you had your choice of being killed or captured," I said. And then von Betzman tried to disengage the major.

"Go peddle your papers, captain," I snarled, and strode away, hating all Germans, all officers, and myself.

When a major was playing into von Betzman's hands, why should I, a line sergeant, want to stake my life against hopeless odds? I was a fool! I should have accepted the propagandist's offer.

At this juncture a series of howls and curses drew all eyes to the gate. We expected to see a company of prisoners approaching. Instead, a lone captive appeared beyond the wire. Three German privates and an *Unterleutnant* were guarding him.

As the gate opened he turned on the guards and gave them a parting broadside. The *Unterleutnant* threatened him.

"You can tie and you can gag me, but every time I bat my eye you'll be a God-damned dirty Hun!" he shouted.

I interested myself in him at once. He talked like an American, looked Irish, and wore parts of British, French, and Italian uniforms. At the guardroom he registered as Patrick Cullinan, a petty officer in the British merchant marine, a native of Ireland and a former resident of Boston.

At Heuberg, the strafe camp. Left to right, seated, Harrison, Geoghegan, and Halyburton. The man at Halyburton's left and those standing are British and British Colonials.

HIS story was that he had been taken from a torpedoed merchantman by a U-boat, and had given his captors so much trouble that for two years now he had been shunted from one camp to another.

"I don't like England, but I hate the God-damned Germans!" he declared. He had sufficient reason to hate them, if his story were to be believed.

I regarded all incoming prisoners with suspicion, so I spoke guardedly to the sailor, though everything seemed to argue against a possibility that he was an enemy agent.

His nondescript uniform was a factor in his favor. I could not conceive of a German intelligence operative entering the camp in anything but regulation O. D.

Cullinan immediately attached himself to me. I did not resent his friendliness. But in two or three days he was sticking to me like a sand bur, making it difficult to talk privately with Geoghegan and my company commanders and under-cover men.

Often when I thought I had given him the slip he came up to horn into my secret conferences.

Geoghegan despised him, and Charley's aversion had its effect on me. And then Otto, much agitated, gave me the low-down.

"That Irith thailor wath thent here on orderth from the Minithtry of War," he said.

"You mean that he was sent here to spy on us?"

"Yeth, I think tho. You mutht be very careful."

I was genuinely alarmed. Instead of wanting to rid myself of the Irishman, I was now determined to keep him with me as much as possible, believing he could do no harm under my eyes. I could not send him out on a labor party. Neither could I kill him. I had no real evidence that he was anything else than he professed to be.

OCTOBER was at hand. For several weeks Allied planes had been raiding down the Rhine with increasing frequency. Returning, it was their custom to unload their left-over bombs on Rastatt, aiming so carelessly that the explosives often fell dangerously close to our camp.

Whenever the bombers appeared overhead the camp authorities sounded air-raid signals, which served only to bring all prisoners outside to watch the show. Sometimes, when a bomb detonated in the direction of the city, we cheered, whereupon the guards would threaten us.

A cloudless autumn afternoon found me sitting in my quarters with Cullinan, each of us trying to beguile the other. When an air-raid alarm was given, we went outdoors and looked north, where the drone of mighty engines seemed to fill the whole horizon. By actual count there were thirty ships in the Allied formation. They were circling back toward France after a raid on Karlsruhe. A great shout went up from the camp, then as quickly died. Four antiquated Fokkers had risen to attack the raiders.

Though my own life was in the balance, I could not help but admire the pilots of those old kites who had gone up to die in a battle against hopeless odds.

The Allied flight came directly overhead. Suddenly the Fokkers dove to the attack, striking from the rear. The bombing squadron was thrown into confusion.

Then a long, mournful shriek came down out of the sky. Dirt, dust, and smoke rose in a geyser from a field outside the camp and a heavy crash echoed and reëchoed. Another bansheelike wail, and a section of the athletic field rose as though blown up by a mine. We were being bombed by our own friends! Anxious to relieve their ships of all the weight possible, they had dropped the explosives with complete disregard of our safety.

Fate was kind, however. Not a prisoner was injured, all the bombs falling in unoccupied blocks.

After the bombardment the Irishman began to show an inclination to prowl around the camp alone; but I clung to him. Every moment I was with him became more agonizing, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was getting on his nerves, too. I caught, now and then, a murderous look in his eyes.

It was up to me to devise new forms of entrapment every day or two. When cigarettes, Red Cross food, and smuggled *Schnapps* lost their lure, I brought out a pack of cards. Fortunately, he had a passion for stud poker

and thought himself a smart player. I let him win for a time; then set out to trim him.

While our game within a game went on, some of the leaders of the "escape battalion" conceived the idea of breaking out of the camp. Geoghegan told me of it one night after Cullinan returned to his sleeping quarters. Twelve men were to make the break. Unless I objected, the wire would be cut the next evening at a point near the main gate and the adventurers would walk out.

I stared. Such a plan was mad! Why, the barrier around the main gate was the most illogical point of escape in the whole camp. Two machine-gun towers overlooked it. Sentries stood watch. A mosquito could hardly get through there without being caught or killed.

"Wait a minute, wise guy," said Charley. "You know those *Fräuleins* who work down the road?"

There were two or three thousand of them—women and girls, but mostly girls. They worked in a big munition plant on the Baden road and walked past the camp every morning and evening. Naturally, all the prisoners flocked to the outer entanglements to watch them.

These *Fräuleins* of Rastatt were a spirited lot, and many of them were more than attractive—especially to men who had been deprived of all female society for a year, more or less. How they really felt about us as enemies of their country, I don't know; but they were not averse to a little tantalizing flirting through the wire.

THE sauciest ones would sometimes come dancing right up to it and pretend to offer kisses between the meshes. Others would mockingly hold out their arms to us. Needless to say, the boys enjoyed it all. They hung on the *Drathverau*, or motioned as if to climb through.

"Well, what have the girls to do with twelve men walking through the wire?" I wanted to know.

"Don't you get the idea? The boys'll be lined up at the fence. About a hundred will gang up around the fellow with the wire cutters. They'll start flirting with the girls—get them to going good. While the guards are taking in the show the boys will snip a hole in the entanglement. It will be getting dark before the party's over, and the twelve good men and true will sneak out and leg it for the Alps."

Seriously considering the scheme, I saw that it was practical and safe. Just across the Baden road was a wood—a fringe of the Black Forest. Reaching its shelter, the fugitives might shake off pursuit.

"You may be blamed," Charley suggested.

"We may be," I corrected. "If you and I were even half-witted we'd lam out with the others. I've got a feeling that our days at Rastatt are numbered."

"I've had that feeling ever since you got yourself wound up in that damned snake of a Cullinan. You'd

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better keep him inside the office tomorrow evening."

"Cullinan and I will be like Siamese twins," I promised.

The Irishman was around early the next day, looking for a game. I stalled him off until afternoon. When I brought out my cards, he tossed them aside and produced his own deck.

"You've been too damned lucky with that pack of yours," he said. "I'm down to my escape money. I've got some gold sewed up inside my belt where the Germans are too dumb to look. I've been keeping it to use in making a break."

He took off his belt, ripped the stitches, and poured out eleven gold pieces. I felt that I had to have that gold, if only for the satisfaction it would give me to beat him out of it. "Maybe it'll help *me* in an escape," I grinned.

Evening found him toying nervously with a single coin. The rest were stacked in front of me.

He was sitting with his back to the window. Over his shoulder I watched the inmates of the block gather at the *Drathverau*. They were laughing with the girls. Probably one of them was already busy with wire cutters.

Cullinan cut and I dealt slowly. Three pots fell to me in succession. He pushed his last gold piece across to me and rose.

"All through," he said.

I looked toward the *Drathverau* again. It was dark.

"All through—you said it," I agreed.

When Geoghegan and I woke the next morning Cullinan was pounding on the door. The guards had discovered the hole in the barrier. I professed surprise.

"What! Some of the boys have cut their way out?"

He showed his teeth. "Oh, you're not kidding me, big boy! You were in on it!"

I laughed. "You've pegged me wrong, Cullinan. If I'd been in on the escape you wouldn't see me here."

"I'll see you in hell," he snarled and walked out.

Charley jerked angrily at a shoe. "Your boy friend has tumbled to you. He's worried."

So was I. Giving up my attempts to block his activities in person, I added to the force of under-cover men who had him under surveillance.

He stayed away from me for several days, ill or feigning illness. When I saw him again he had entered my office. He flung an opened envelope before me.

"I told you some of your men were falling for the bunk the Huns have been spreading." He grinned malevolently. "Take a look at the stuff one of them wrote home."

SLOWLY I pushed aside some Red Cross provision lists and examined the letter. It had been addressed by some prisoner to his mother. He told her merely that the Germans were treating him well.

"Where did you get this letter?" I asked, realizing that he had discovered our system of censorship.

"Don't bluff, Halyburton," he sneered. "You can pull that in poker, but not in this thing. I'm calling you."

"You're crazy, man. I suppose you stole this letter from somebody, but why did you bring it to me?"

"Just to show you that you're not so damned smart."

"What in hell do you mean?"

"If you don't know now, you soon will."

He ducked out, thumbing his nose at me.

Geoghegan came in with the names of some more men who wanted to be put on the escape list.

"Add your own," I told him. "Cullinan has found out that we're censoring the mail, and he's high-tailing it for Berlin with a report that'll mean a morning march."

"I'll be generous and add *our* own," said Charley. "The tough part of it is that we can't run away. We've got to stick, no matter what happens. Where'd he pick up that letter?"

We found the answer easily—too easily. A frightened company commander told us how Cullinan had slipped up within arm's length of him as he had been censoring some mail.

For two days nothing happened. Charley and I began to breathe easier.

Then Otto met me at the storerooms.

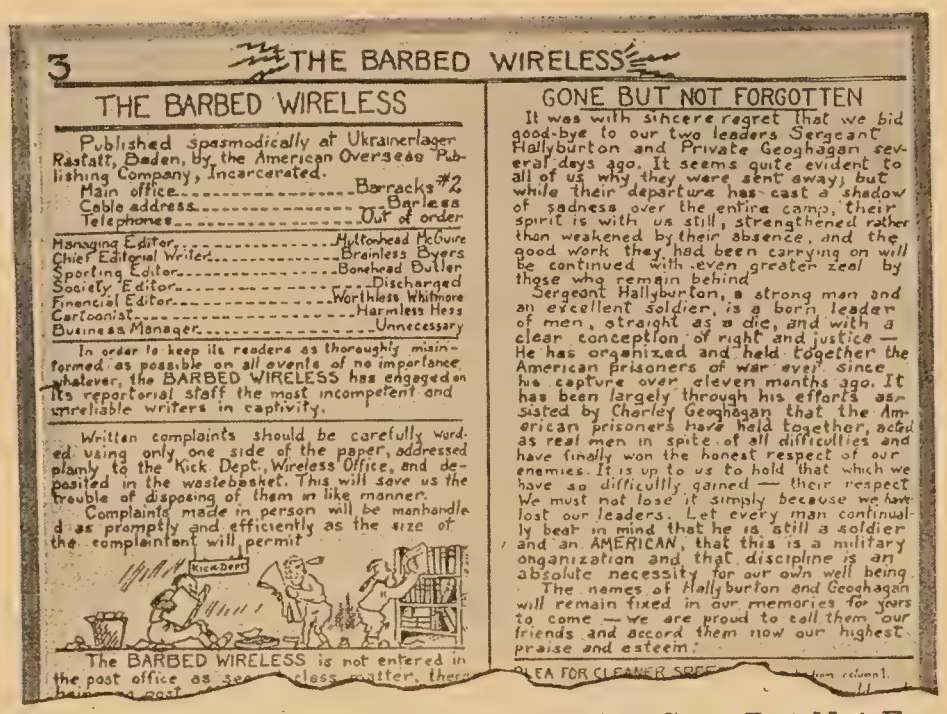
"Thergeant, I am thorry—" His voice broke.

"What's up?" I asked, a sinking feeling in my body.

"You, Geoghegan, and Harrithon are going away Friday morning."

"Tomorrow morning? Where?"

"I don't know. The order thayth, 'Prithonerth Halyburton, Geoghegan, and Harrithon will be removed from the *Amerikanerlager* Friday morning at three thirty by guardth who can be truthted to keep a thecret.'"



3 THE BARBED WIRELESS

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GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

It was with sincere regret that we bid good-bye to our two leaders Sergeant Hallyburton and Private Geoghagan several days ago. It seems quite evident to all of us why they were sent away, but while their departure has cast a shadow of sadness over the entire camp, their spirit is with us still, strengthened rather than weakened by their absence, and the good work they had been carrying on will be continued with even greater zeal by those who remain behind.

Sergeant Hallyburton, a strong man and an excellent soldier, is a born leader of men, straight as a die, and with a clear conception of right and justice — He has organized and held together the American prisoners of war ever since the capture over eleven months ago. It has been largely through his efforts assisted by Charley Geoghagan that the American prisoners have held together, acted as real men in spite of all difficulties and have finally won the honest respect of our enemies. It is up to us to hold that which we have so difficultly gained — their respect. We must not lose it simply because we have lost our leaders. Let every man continually bear in mind that he is still a soldier and an AMERICAN, that this is a military organization and that discipline is an absolute necessity for our own well being.

The names of Hallyburton and Geoghagan will remain fixed in our memories for years to come — we are proud to call them our friends and accord them now our highest praise and esteem.

PLEA FOR CLEANER STREE ... [illegible] column.

A page of The Barbed Wireless, showing Gone But Not Forgotten. This one-copy issue of the Rastatt newspaper, the only one extant, is in the permanent collection of the National Red Cross Museum.

"WHERE did that come from and what does it mean?"

"It cometh from the Minithtry of War and it meanth perhapth—death!"

"God! And they're sending Harrison? He's done nothing. Do the Germans shoot innocent men with the guilty?"

"It hath been done before to cover up the real reasonth for killing prithonerth. I am thorry—very thorry."

I clasped the *Unteroffizier's* hand. "If I don't come back, you get all my money. Use it to go to America."

Sending for Geoghegan and Harrison, I told them what we faced. Charley wise-cracked: "*Gelangen, gefangen, gehangen,* Geoghegan!" I had expected Harrison, a quiet chap I hardly knew, to break, nothing having prepared him for the shock. "Oh, well," he shrugged. "I was a prisoner once before—in South America." He said nothing else. His calm courage strengthened me.

Charley went out and rounded up the prison leaders and company commanders in our block. I leaned over my table, facing the group. "Boys, I guess you know what's up. The Germans are 'removing' your military commander, your adjutant, and Private Harrison—whether to another camp or another world, we don't know. So this'll probably be our final powwow."

There was a moment of silence. The men looked grimly at one another. Then Frank Upton jumped up, cursing.

"The sons of ——s can't get away with it! We'll stage the biggest riot Germany has ever seen! We'll burn every damned shack here! We'll—"

"Easy, Frank." I shook my head. "They'd turn the machine guns on you. We aren't worth anything like that."

Geoghegan banged the table. "Upton's right! If the squareheads massacred the prisoners here, they'd have a tall lot of explaining to do to Uncle Sam. The idea is to raise hell. That's all that'll save us."

"Maybe so," I admitted. "But before you men stage a riot, organize a committee and see the *Kommandeur*. And try to get in touch with this Merkel of the Y. M. C. A. If he's on the square he may be able to do something for us."

Our farewell party broke up with the leaders profanely pledging themselves to turn the camp upside down if need be. I visited the other blocks and received the same assurance from the sergeants in charge.

Geoghegan, Harrison, and I did little else than write letters that evening. Harrison returned to his casern at an early hour, bidding us a cheerful good night. Charley and I played a few hands of poker, then rolled into our bunks. I had not supposed that I could sleep, but sleep I did, waking a few minutes before three thirty.

It was my impression that guards had come for us. But the office remained dark and silent. Toward dawn I dozed. When I roused again, Charley was shaking me.

"So you're still here," I grinned.

"*We're* still here," he repeated the formula.

Friday passed uneventfully, then Saturday. Sunday I began to wonder whether Otto had not concocted his story.

But Monday morning at three thirty I woke to the hateful "*Raus, raus—komm!*" The office was alight, and a strange guard, armed to the teeth, stood in the doorway.

Charley, already up, was fumbling a cigarette.

"Ask the guard what he wants and where he's taking us," I told him.

It was too much to expect that he would tell us anything, though Geoghegan blustered and cursed. Another *Schildwache* came in, bringing Harrison.

We had previously agreed to take our personal belongings and a week's supply of food with us. So we were laden with bags as we stamped out of the casern, led by one guard and followed by the other.

News that the guards were taking us away had spread through the barracks despite the early hour. As the inclosure gate swung behind us a rumble of angry, excited voices came from the dark huts. We trudged on down the long *Strasse* and out of the camp.

The wind strummed a death march in the wire. . . .

Our silent trek took us to the Rastatt railway station, where they hustled us aboard a train. For several hours we tried in every manner to get the guards to talk; but they gave no more indication of hearing us than a couple of statues.

IT would have given me a lot of strength had I been able to read The Barbed Wireless at that moment appearing on the bulletin board at Rastatt. Despite the close censorship, the writers had managed to put over what was intended as an obituary for Geoghegan and myself. It appeared under the headline, Gone But Not Forgotten:

It was with sincere regret that we bade good-by to our two leaders, Sergeants Halyburton and Geoghegan. It seems quite evident to all of us why they were sent away. But while their departure has cast a shadow of sadness over the entire camp, their spirit is still with us, strengthened rather than weakened by their absence, and the good work they had been carrying on will be continued. . . .

Sergeant Halyburton, a strong man and excellent soldier, is a born leader of men. . . . It has been largely through his efforts, assisted by Charley Geoghegan, that the American prisoners have held together, acted as real men in spite of difficulties, and won the honest respect of our enemies. . . .

About four o'clock in the afternoon our train stopped in a mountain village.

"*Raus, Amerikaner—komm!*"

We crawled out with our bags, a sullen, defiant army of three. It was raining steadily. The tilted streets around us were deserted, the houses gloomy.

A hunchbacked station master came out on the platform and looked up into our faces. With a cackling laugh he pointed toward the mountain tops.

"*Vorwärts, Amerikaner!*"

We shouldered our packs and pushed out through the crazy streets. They led into a narrow mountain road that wound upward toward invisible heights.

ON and up! All at once it was dark. I paused to light a cigarette. It was soaked before I could strike a match. The air was getting colder. The rain became a fine mist.

About six thirty we agreed that we would not move a step farther before eating and resting. We dropped our bags and sat down. The *Schildwachen* rushed up, thrusting their bayonets at us; but we refused to stir.

"If we're going to get it, we might as well have it over," said Harrison. And we groped for rocks, determined to go out fighting.

Surprised, they drew back and turned a flashlight on us. We broke out a couple of tins and boxes of Red Cross food and ate. Then, taking our time, we got up, and for another hour we struggled through the darkness; then rested and went forward again. The rare air made us pant. Our lungs ached.

"My God!" I puffed. "There's no top—to this—hill!"

We rounded a bend in the road, now little more than a goat path, and beheld a string of lights. Up ahead, on the very peak of the mountain, was a prison camp.

"It's heaven!" proclaimed the irrepressible Geoghegan.

A gate opened and closed. The guards herded us into a hut and disappeared. We looked around, perceiving in the dim light of a single electric lamp the forms of a couple hundred men, lying on the bare floor or sitting with their backs against the wall. There were no bunks.

One man got up and approached us cautiously.

"Who are you?" a voice asked in German.

"Americans," said Charley. "What are you?"

A hollow laugh. "Oh, I'm just a damned Englishman. Take any vacant places you can find on the floor."

"Yes, but where are we?" I asked. "What is this place?"

Again the Englishman laughed.

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"It's Heuberg. It's a strafe camp, and you're here for punishment. You'll get it, too. No one ever leaves this place except with a reprisal party or a firing squad or in a dead wagon."

We stumbled over a windrow of bodies that came to life with curses, and found a space just big enough for three.

Next day we were kept under constant guard, three *Schildwachen* dogging us wherever we went. It was dangerous to hold anything more than casual conversations with our fellow prisoners, but we learned that the Englishman's description of the strafe camp had not been far-fetched.

The prison population of about 2,000 included Belgians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and English Colonials—all men who had taken part in mutinies and escape plots. Taken as a whole, the captives probably were the wildest, toughest men ever confined anywhere. All were a little crazy—shell-shocked or habitually desperate.

Early in the day I set out to tour the camp. One of the guards was at my heels, of course. As I walked along the wire, a gaunt Australian fell in beside me. I warned him that it was dangerous to be seen with me, but he laughed.

"Yank, if it wasn't that the war's ending I'd jump at a chance to get shot," he said.

"I don't get you."

"You will. Take a look at what's coming through the gate."

SIX human wrecks were staggering into the inclosure. Almighty God—gibbering lunatics!

I turned to the Australian.

"That's how they come back from reprisal," he said harshly. "Twenty or twenty-five went out a couple of weeks ago. The rest were killed by Allied guns, I suppose. Those that are back will die. I've seen it before. They never get on their feet again."

New guards were assigned to watch us the following day. Leaving Geoghegan and Harrison for a time, I noticed that I had drawn the attention of a *Schildwache*, three of whose upper front teeth were missing. I had a gambler's hunch. Reaching into my pockets, I found the gold coins I had won from Cullinan. Three missing teeth. Three Americans. Three gold pieces.

I let the *Schildwache* see the gleaming money. "Do you know what that is?"

His face brightened. "Dat iss gold!"

"There are three pieces, and you can have them if you tell me everything you hear about us."

He pondered. "Vell, I vill see."

The next time he was on duty he beckoned me aside and said he would take me up on my offer.

"Vere is dat money?"

"Hidden—until you tell me what I want to know."

"All iss right. I vill tell. From Berlin has come a telegram: 'American prisoners are for trial.'"

THEN we heard nothing further until changes of the guards brought him back to duty.

"Now," he said, "from Rastatt ve haf a vire, 'Show Americans all courtesies possible.'"

"What do you think it means?"

He shrugged.

Two weeks ensued. One day Berlin wired, "Strafe the Americans," evidently meaning that we were to be taken out on reprisal. Before twenty-four hours elapsed Rastatt was telling Heuberg: "The Americans are good soldiers and gentlemen." Berlin countered: "Americans cunning and dangerous. Guard carefully."

We were as dizzy as the Heuberg *Kommandeur*, understanding only that friends at the *Amerikanerlager* and enemies at the War Ministry were behind the struggle for our lives. I could believe that von Betzman was pulling the strings in Berlin. But what was happening in Rastatt?

Two orders arrived within an hour. The first advised Heuberg to convene a court-martial. Stock in Three Americans, Incorporated, fell off a hundred points. Then came a telegram: "Send Americans to Rastatt at once. This order is final."

We were skeptical until two guards appeared and told us to get ready to return to the *Amerikanerlager*.

The *Schildwache* got the three gold pieces, and asked us to look up his friend Benny Aaronson, "storekeeper on Mexvell Street, Tchicago."

Sergeant Halyburton's story will be concluded in Liberty next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Alibi

"How many times must I remind you that you must eat bread with your egg?" said mother.

"But, mother," came the reply with a naïve and engaging smile, "the eggie wouldn't wait!"—Mrs. A. V. Tracey, 1936 Hallman St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Uncle Bert's Job

Grandmother was ironing a large pile of handkerchiefs.

"Grandma, where does Uncle Bert work?"

"In a funeral parlor, dear."

"Oh, that's why he has so many handkerchiefs. He has to wipe the people's faces."—Cora Silvius, Pasadena, Calif.

BLUFF

A Short Short Story

By FRANK W. WEAD

(Reading time: 5 minutes 55 seconds.)

THE "anybody's" game at the Pastime Club is running heavy this night. A couple of good-time Charlies from Detroit are betting them high, wide, and handsome, and old Tony Perna, as usual, is sending it in whenever he gets a hand. About twenty-five grand is sitting in front of six tough poker players, and each guy has his stack backed up with a blank I O U.

Tony Perna rakes in a pot—the winners are laughing and the losers are itching for the next deal—when Dan Blane's youngest son, Al, rolls in and flops down in an empty chair. A hush that you can feel spreads over the room as he fishes a crumpled wad of bills out of his pocket and tosses them on to the table.

"Deal me in," says Al, and he scribbles his initials on an I O U.

The kid's face is flushed and he's pretty tight, which is nothing new, as Dan Blane gives all four of his kids plenty of rope. Old Tony Perna looks sore as a boil, and then he smiles a funny little smile and licks his lips. The kid doesn't even know that Tony is in the game at first. When he finally sees him he starts to get up, as if to leave. Then I guess he makes up his mind that he can't let Tony run him away and he sits down again. It looks like young Al is a cinch to take a trimming, 'cause Tony Perna would give his shirt to hook any Blane.

The game runs on smoothly for a couple of hours. The kid bets his money and plays his cards O. K. Smoke hangs like a shroud over the table as Jake Thompson deals. Al peeks under the edge of each of his cards, and then gives all five of them a quick look. He puts his hand down in front of him, almost as if he's afraid of it, and opens. The two guys from Detroit stay. Tony Perna bets the size of the pot. Jake drops. Al shoves his pile, which isn't so much, into the center of the table. The others fade, leaving the kid and old Tony to fight it out alone. Chip by chip Tony slowly matches the kid's bet. As he puts the last chip on the stack he taps it slowly with his finger and says, sort of nasty: "I want to raise you. You got an I O U there. What's it worth?"

The kid is embarrassed. "I got a few hundred in the bank," he says. "I'm good for that much, anyway."

"Is that all?" sneers Tony. "Your whole family always was nothing but a gang of short sports."

The kid flushes. "If my old man was here," he says, "he'd O. K. that I O U for anything he's got."

"I can wait," says Tony Perna, just egging Al on. "Go get your old man."

The kid is game; he gets up and goes to the phone.

I saunter over to the phone and give Al a smile that says I'm for him. He gets his old man on the wire and tells him that he's got Tony Perna hooked in a poker game and he needs more money. He weaves a little on his feet but his voice is O. K. Apparently Dan Blane asks him what cards he's got. My heart gives a jump as the kid puts his lips close to the mouthpiece and whispers slow and tense, "I got a king-high spade straight flush!"

A half hour goes by before Dan Blane walks briskly into the room. He says hello to everybody, nods quietly at Tony Perna, and takes Al's seat.

"I'll play this hand, son," he says. He takes a quick peek at the kid's cards, then takes a longer look.

It seems like old times for Tony and Dan to be sitting there across from each other. Why, they were kids together. Partners in the contracting business for forty years. And then up comes some misunderstanding about this municipal aqueduct deal, and they bust their partnership wide open and battle each other. Tony Perna breaks out with a new fleet of trucks; Dan Blane gets himself the classiest offices in town. Tony Perna opens up a high-grade rock crusher; Dan Blane begins pouring concrete with fancy pneumatic tubes. Both of them shave their bids, determined to beat the other, and the profits go ga-ga. From the day of the split-up Dan Blane drops out of the game at the Pastime Club, just because he knows that Tony Perna is sitting in. Tony licks his lips and looks at Dan. "Well," he says sarcastically, "I guess you'll get bluffed out of this pot just like you got bluffed out on that municipal aqueduct deal."

"I never got bluffed out of a good hand in my life," says Dan Blane.

"A guy who lays down the best hand in anything is a yellow dog," says Tony, just spoiling for trouble.

"That's one way of looking at it."

"You wouldn't let me handle that deal," says Tony accusingly. "Well. It's my bet. I raise you six thousand dollars." He shoves his blank I O U into the pot.

"I call," says Dan easily.

"Cards?" says Jake Thompson, itching for the draw. Dan hesitates and fingers his cards like he's going to take one. Finally he doesn't take any. Tony draws one, and I figure him for four of a kind, and big.

"Well," snarls Tony at Dan. "It's your bet."

Dan just sits there a minute, shuffling his cards. Finally his mouth goes tense, and one by one he turns his cards face up, looking at Tony Perna all the time. He lays down the king of spades, the queen of spades, the jack of spades, and the ten of spades. He keeps the fifth card in his hand as he flips his I O U into the pot and says, "I'm betting you twenty grand."

Tony Perna stares at those four cards as if he's hypnotized. Then he looks at the fifth card in Dan's hand. He must know that Dan Blane is figuring him for fours. He studies a second longer and then he lays four aces face up on the table. "A guy you can bluff easy never can run one himself," he sneers. "I know when I'm licked. You win. Show the boys your straight flush."

Dan Blane hesitates a minute. He's had no call, and he doesn't have to show his fifth card, but he knows that he's got to give Tony Perna the works. He slowly turns his last card over and thwacks it down hard beside his other four. Even I simply can't believe that the kid has misread his hand, and that Dan has bluffed it through. But—yes, sir—there the hand lays on the table, nothing but a lousy straight, four spades and the nine of clubs.

Dan rakes in the pot as Tony sinks down in his seat. Suddenly Dan gets up and goes over and puts his arm around Tony's shoulders.

"Anybody can run a shindy once in a while, Tony," he says, "but if he gets a call he has to pay. Don't you think that we've been bluffing each other long enough?"

And then I notice that there's a diamond pin in Tony Perna's tie. It runs down his vest and splashes on to the table as he reaches out and grabs Dan by the hand. Dan thumps Tony happily on the back and grins up at young Al.

"You ought to get some eyeglasses, son," says Dan gently. "Or maybe you better stop playin' poker."

Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

IMAGINATION *in the* BATHROOM

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by ADAM JOHN BARTH

(Reading time: 5 min. 56 sec.)

ONE of the three hundred and eight (1930 census figures) troubles with American home life today is the alarming spread of Home-Making as an Art. For the past fifteen or twenty years our Little Women have been reading so many articles in the women's magazines warning them against lack of Imagination in the Home that they have let their imaginations get the upper hand and turn them into a lot of Hans Christian Andersens. All that is needed is a band of dwarfs to make any modern home a Rumpelstiltskin's castle which, at the stroke of midnight, turns back into a pumpkin again.

I like a good warm bathroom in which I can sing (and, boy, can I take those low notes!)

Before Home-Making became an Art, Mother used to feel that she had done pretty well if she and Annie could get the furniture all back into place (and by "into place" is meant "into place *again*") after the spring and fall house-cleaning, with perhaps fresh tidies on the backs of the chairs every so often. Things *had* to go back pretty much where they came from, for the casters had dug little round holes in the carpet, and you wouldn't want to have the place looking like a clam flat.

The only imagination that was necessary in the preparation of the food was to find *enough;* for in the days before dieting set in Daddy and the boys and girls stopped at nothing in the way of loading up, short of foundering with all on board.

But gradually the home-making experts have got their propaganda across, flooding the country with photographs of armchairs planted with geraniums and luncheon tables in pantalets, telling the young wives who are just beginning to worry about that far-away look in George's eyes that the trouble was lack of Imagination in fixing up the Nest. So the young wives have become Imagination-conscious.

On looking back over the past ten years, the arrival of chintz would seem to have been the first indication that things were going imaginative on us. The first designs in chintz curtains and sofa coverings were very mild, perhaps little spatterings of buttercups on a black field, or, in the more radical households, medium-sized poppies; but, compared with the old white lace curtains which used to hang in the bay window back of the rubber plant and were held back in place by a gold ball and chain, they were pretty hot stuff. I remember, back in 1915, a man whose mother came to visit him in his new home (she had never met his wife before) and, after one look at the chintz curtains, she took him upstairs and asked him if he was sure just who his wife's people were. She thought he had married a Chinese girl.

Today those very same chintz curtains would be considered fit only for a mortuary home (or undertaking parlor, as we used to call it: the development of undertaking parlors into mortuary homes would make a story on Home-Making in itself).

As the tide of originality swept on, the poppies began getting larger and larger until the design became one big red poppy with here and there a bit of background which hardly knew that it was a background on the same piece of goods. This obviously would never do, for the next step would have been *all* poppy, or just a good old-fashioned red curtain, which was exactly the thing they were trying to get away from.

You have to look out for that in modern decoration. Beyond a certain point you swing right around back into Grandma's house again.

I have an article before me, written in one of the Home-Making sections of a Sunday paper, which begins as follows:

> Color everywhere in the house is the keynote in present-day decorating—from the basement to the attic, from the foyer hall to the back door. Even the kitchen is as gay as a flower garden, for pots and pans have been glorified. Gone are the days of all-white bathrooms. . . .

Is that a terrifying prospect or isn't it? "Gone are the days of all-white bathrooms," are they? Well, not in *my* house. The bathroom is a sacred place, not merely a room where you rush in to wash your hands before a meal. (And, incidentally, a lady member of the party has asked

I couldn't have kept my eyes on the book for fear that a Chinese dragon would pop out from the decorations.

me to inquire why it is that the men-folk always wait until dinner has been announced before rushing up to wash their hands.

"They have all the time in the world after they get home," says this lady member of the party, "in which to fix up for dinner. But they sit down and read the evening paper, or dawdle around with the radio, or even just smoke a cigarette standing in the middle of the living room, until somebody says, 'Dinner is ready.' Then they say, 'I'll be right down,' tear upstairs into the bathroom, and start splashing about with the soap and guest towels until you would think they were doing the week's wash. In the meantime the soup is stone cold."

And I, equally incidentally, would like to ask why, in housekeepers' parlance, everything has to be "stone cold" when it is the man's fault? They are just "cold" when it is anybody else's fault, but when the man is to blame they are "stone cold."

To get back into the bathroom. I like a good warm bathroom, with plenty of light, in which I can sing Old Man River (and, boy, can I take those low notes in Old Man River in a good resonant bathroom! Paul Robeson is a tenor compared with me some mornings); and I like a room in which I can lie in the tub and read until well parboiled, sometimes getting nice big blisters on the pages with wet fingers, or, if very tired, perhaps dropping the whole book into the water; and I don't want to have the feeling, every time I look up, that I am taking part in the first act of the Ziegfeld Follies with Joseph Urban looking on.

I once spent a week-end in a house where the bathroom was so stage-struck that I couldn't even get the cold water to run.

The towels were lavender and the curtains were pink and green and the tub was a brilliant yellow with mottlings of a rather horrid chocolate running through it. I tried running a bath with my eyes shut, but as soon as the water hit the porcelain it began to boil, and even if I had been able to draw a decent bath that a healthy man could get into, I couldn't have kept my eyes on the book for fear that a Chinese dragon would pop out from some of the decorations and get into my slippers.

I finally went back into my room and took a sponge bath from the faucet.

I HAVE dwelt so long on the bathroom end of Home-Making as an Art because the bathroom seems to me to be the last stronghold of the old-fashioned man. If they take our bathrooms away from us we might as well all dress in harlequin costumes and throw confetti all day instead of going to work. Imagination is all right in the living room, where we can keep our eyes shut. But please, modern home-makers, leave us our white bathrooms, where we can use the towels without feeling that we are wiping our hands on a Michelangelo and look at the walls without going into a pirouette. No wonder so many men live in Turkish baths!

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

BEYOND

Cadence Meets Her Match—Teaching a Plane to Rise Like a Bird—They're Off!—Terrible Moments—A Big Surprise for Casey

By

REX BEACH

Pictures by
CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 27 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is a story of romance and peril. Casey Haddon, a famous ace, became the pilot of Georges Larue, importer and flying enthusiast. Haddon also instructed Cadence Drew, Larue's willful fiancée, in flying. Cadence demanded, for some unknown reason, that he take her to the island of St. Pierre. Having arrived there he yielded to his one weakness—drink. Cadence went into his hotel room and threw his bottle of whisky out of the window. He locked the door and threw the key out also!

PART FOUR—DO OR DIE!

"WHAT do you mean by that?" Cadence demanded sharply.

"You've aroused the monster in me, that's all," Haddon answered. "I'm going to show you the worst side of *my* nature."

"Fiddlesticks! Unlock that door. Let me out of here!" The girl pushed past him and tried the lock; she twisted at the knob. There was not quite so much color in her cheeks when she faced him and exclaimed, "How absurd! How—old-fashioned!"

"You jimmied your way in. You refused to go. Now let's make a night of it." He reached under his pillow and produced a full brandy bottle, the which he uncorked. He partly filled two glasses and handed one to his companion. "Here's the road to hell. Ain't I the fiend in human shape?"

She shook her head.

"Drink!" he ordered. "It's my party from now on."

"If—if I do," she began, in something of a panic, "will you stop clowning?"

"Cross my heart." They drank. Then he said, "Let's have a quartet. We'll pretend you're a male soprano. I'll call you Charley—Charley Johnson. Come on, Charley! She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage." Haddon began the ancient ballad by that name, but Cadence implored him to set her free.

"Can't do a thing for you, Charley." He raised his voice so that it was audible in the hall. "Mighty friendly of you to drop in on me like this, Charley, and spend the night. Good old Charley! For a big guy with black whiskers you've got the highest voice, Charley! Honest, Charley, if you weren't so tall and ugly, I'd swear there was something effeminate about you. How's the lumber business, and the family? Imagine Junior in high school!

"She's only a bird in a gilded cage,
A beautiful sight to see!"

CONTROL

INSTANTLY the plane was in motion. It leaped forward as if flung from a catapult.

Haddon flung an arm around his companion's shoulder and shouted, "Sing, you shrinking lumberjack! Sing tenor."

There were tears in the girl's eyes, but they were tears of anger. She jerked herself out of his embrace.

"Come on," he urged her under his breath. "Sing in a whisper. Try it."

Cadence realized that a call for help would doubtless be answered, but the consequences were bound to be embarrassing, and as yet there was nothing actually alarming about Casey's behavior. He seemed bent only upon teasing her. She started when he said finally, with an abrupt change of tone and manner, "You've been up long enough, Charley Johnson. It's past your bedtime." He rose and put on his hat. "I'll see you home."

"Isn't—that door locked?"

"No. The lock sticks and the knob turns the wrong way. It fooled me at first." He wrenched the door open; with a flourish he showed her out.

"I could kill you for this!" she cried passionately.

"Life is just one disappointment after another, isn't it? The moral of this lecture is, never play cards with strangers."

He was still chuckling when they reached Cadence's *pension*. Leaving her there, he barged down the street singing Captain Gorgonzola of the Good Ship Cheese.

THE next day dragged interminably, and for the first time in her life Cadence Drew experienced a feeling of utter impotence, of complete frustration. From her window she could see her ship standing in the square, its motor hooded, and the sight of it drove her frantic, for she was wild to get away. Had it rested elsewhere—on the football field, for instance—she would have been tempted to take it off herself and leave Haddon behind; but the side streets were too narrow to permit moving it, and there was not a mechanic on the island, aside from him, who could remove its wings and reassemble them.

On the second morning she was awakened by the welcome sound of explosions, and leaped from her bed, flung back her curtain. A crowd of people had gathered around the plane, and Casey was in the cockpit, warming up its motor. Hurriedly she dressed herself.

When he knocked at her door and she opened it he was haggard; he looked sick, but his hands were steady and so was his gaze as it met hers.

"I'm ready when you are," said he.

"How are you feeling?"

"Fine."

"Can you get out of that place?"

"Easy. If you're nervous, I'll take her out and pick you up at the football field. It isn't necessary, however."

Cadence hesitated. She studied the speaker anxiously. In his eyes was an expression she had never seen there. They were dark with shame, with suffering, but they did not waver.

She had observed much the same look in the eyes of a hunting dog, and her anger at him melted. After all, this was largely her fault.

"Run along," she told him. "I'll join you as soon as I can gobble some breakfast."

Casey returned to the street and picked several sturdy men from among the bystanders. He led them to a lumber pile on the quay and helped them bring back a heavy timber, the which he laid in front of the ship's wheels. Its motor had been idling meanwhile, and by the time Cadence appeared it was running to his liking.

When her luggage was stowed away and she was strapped into her seat Casey gave orders to his volunteer ground crew: "Hold her hard, boys, and don't let go until I say so." He climbed aboard, adjusted his helmet, and smiled reassuringly at his companion.

He raised his arm in salute to the governor. The motor began to roar. The whirling propeller flung up a hurricane of dust and gravel, the ship pushed against the log which blocked its wheels. The men who clung to its wings braced themselves and held stoutly until he shouted to them, then they scattered. Simultaneously he shifted his controls, rocked the ship until its right wheel climbed the log, then deftly straightened them as the left wheel followed.

Instantly the plane was in motion. It leaped forward as if flung from a catapult, and before it had rolled fifty feet it was in the air. It rose like a bird, clearing the quay in its first rush; houses, ships, the harbor fell away beneath it.

In spite of herself Cadence uttered a cry of triumph.

It was fully an hour before he spoke into the headphone. Then he said, "I suppose it's no use to apologize, but you see now what some of us brought back from the war. It's a pretty high price for glory. I wish you'd tell Pretty Pet how it happened. I'd hate to have her think—"

"I don't intend to say anything to anybody."

"Not even to Georges?"

"He's the last one I'd tell."

Haddon jerked his head around and stared at the speaker, but he could make nothing out of her expression.

"You see, I was partly to blame," she went on; "and you need your job."

"Thanks!" he said. "You're a grand kid, Charley Johnson. I'll do as much for you sometime. But the apology goes."

II

GEORGES LARUE was awakened one morning with the word that Casey Haddon was on the telephone and insisted upon speaking to him. The pilot began by asking if his employer had read that morning's paper, a query which provoked a profane answer in the negative.

"Well, there's another transatlantic endurance flight under way."

The rival plane was a three-motored Fokker, a sister ship to the Blue Bird. It was owned by a wealthy Canadian stockman who had named it the City of Winnipeg, and it had landed at Harbor Grace the afternoon before.

"I knew the factory was building a duplicate of mine," Larue said. "I didn't expect it to be ready so soon."

"While we were stalling they up and dusted. Now it's a race."

"O. K. with me. We'll have something to shoot at."

Haddon was silent for a moment. "The Blue Bird is ready. Isn't it about time you selected your crew and we got going?"

"We?" Georges laughed shortly. "Are you still determined to pilot her?"

"You'll have to blackjack me or—find a better boy."

It was a moment before Larue said, "I couldn't do either, Casey. All right! The crew will consist of you, Jules and Tony Devereaux, and myself."

"Who is Tony Devereaux?"

"Jules' brother. He's a first-class radio man."

"Any experience?"

"Plenty. He used to be with the French Radio Company at St. Pierre; he had charge of the wireless station up there. He'll report at the field today. Put him on the Blue Bird set and have him get it in shape. Heffron is on his way to Newfoundland."

"Fine!" Haddon's voice was hearty, but there was a frown on his face when he hung up. Tony Devereaux! St. Pierre! In silent abstraction he rode out to Roosevelt Field.

TONY DEVEREAUX proved to be a very capable radio man indeed, and quite as agreeable as his older brother; furthermore, he appeared as little concerned over the hazards of the coming flight as either Jules or Georges, a fact which struck Haddon as odd.

Weather reports continued favorable for several days, and Haddon expected to hear at any hour that the City of Winnipeg had taken off. According to the papers, however, she was having some sort of trouble. Meanwhile he did everything in his power to speed up preparations at the Larue hangar, and in order to make sure that nothing went wrong he moved out there and slept on a cot.

Then, one afternoon, in spite of unfavorable weather reports, Larue unexpectedly phoned him that he had set the start for dawn of the following day.

"It's thicker than soup off the Grand Banks," Casey told him.

"I know, but we're only going to Harbor Grace."

"If that fog moves in it won't be so easy to find that field."

"We'll have to chance it. Another thing: you're invited to a dinner party tonight. Cadence and her grandmother want to kiss us good-by and wish us luck."

"I'm sorry, but—"

"There's no 'but' about it. Come along."

"All right, chief."

On his way in to the city that evening Haddon regretted his acceptance of this invitation and called himself a weak-kneed fool. He had purposely avoided Cadence ever since their return from St. Pierre. That drinking spell had changed his feelings toward her, or at any rate it had revealed their true nature.

She had put him into a flat spin and he was out of control. Of all the girls in the world, to fall for her! Beyond all question there was a jinx on him.

Of course he was insane to permit a common sex impulse to affect him; it could result in nothing but trouble, and unless he strangled it promptly it threatened the complete ruin of all his hopes and his ambitions. And yet strangle it he could not.

Everything the girl did or said, every look she gave him, was provocative; she roused all that was ruthless in him. Heaven knew, that was enough! His appetites were strong. But what to do?

He was glad the Blue Bird was taking off tomorrow. That would end the bullfight. As far as he was concerned the ship could crash and be damned to it. Total oblivion was preferable to this delirium, this frenzy.

Miss Drew and her grandmother lived in a roof apartment the location, the size, and the appointments of which

gave evidence of their means and awakened in the pilot an acute appreciation of his own lack thereof. In spite of the fact that the grandmother beamed upon him in a proprietary manner, calling him her savior, her hero, and that the granddaughter dimpled at him in the friendliest way, Casey could not even imitate the easy bearing of the other three men. He felt as stiff as a stuffed horse.

"I'm so glad you came," Cadence told him. "Pretty Pet would have been heartbroken—"

"You shouldn't be glad I came, after what I did in St. Pierre."

"Don't be silly! It was as much my fault as yours. And, furthermore, you needn't be uneasy about that cocktail." She took the glass which he was twiddling and put it aside.

"Thanks!" he murmured in some relief.

"It's a pity, isn't it? You're such good company when you're—that way."

"Never again. That last experience wound me up."

"I'm glad, on Pretty Pet's account. If she ever saw you in that—that interesting condition, I tremble for the family name. As it is, you're the only guest here, so far as she's concerned. Young man, what *are* your intentions toward my child?"

"I'd like to give her a good hug."

Cadence laughed; she eyed the speaker queerly. "And to think that I failed to stir such depths in you. I'm *so* humiliated! Honestly, Casey, with the least encouragement from you I think she'd stow away on the Blue Bird."

"Why don't *you?*" he inquired boldly.

"Um-m! For one thing, I don't like sandwiches."

Mrs. Drew, cocktail in hand, crowded her granddaughter away from the pilot's side and thereafter monopolized his attention. When dinner was announced she placed him on her right.

IT was a still, warm evening. While the others were having coffee, Casey stepped out upon the terrace; for penthouses, common enough these days, were still something of a novelty to him. It seemed odd to find grass and flowers and shrubs growing up here, twenty stories in the air; striped awnings and garden furniture, too.

To the south that amazing new midtown sky line was ablaze. He was staring at the panorama when he heard the two Devereaux brothers come out through the French windows of the dining room. Tony exclaimed; he was enraptured with the beauty of the scene. That week in St. Pierre had done a good deal to refresh Haddon's memory of French, and he could understand most of what the brothers said.

"Well, at last we move," Jules announced after a moment or two. "It has been worth waiting for."

"Truly. And everything timed to the minute. Georges is a genius. All the same, I'd feel safer if he were both captain and pilot."

"That other? Have no fear of him. He'll be a good child."

The younger brother said something in an idiom which Casey could not understand, and Jules agreed.

"One has to be ruthless. There are many ways to do it. A single drink, for instance, and—*pouf!* You know he is a prodigious ass where honor is concerned."

After a few more words the brothers went indoors and Haddon was about to follow them when Cadence spoke to him, and he wondered if she, too, had been eavesdropping.

"Worshipping the jewels of the wicked Madonna?" she inquired. "It's quite a sight, isn't it?"

"Extraordinary!"

"I love height. That's why we took this apartment. . . . So you're off at dawn for—for Bagdad."

"That *would* be a record," he said indifferently.

"Gosh, you're icy! If I were going to fly the Atlantic tomorrow I'd be in a fever—"

"We're not going to fly the Atlantic tomorrow."

"You know what I mean."

Haddon shrugged. "There's not much risk in crossing when you figure it out. We'll either have good luck or bad luck. If it's good there'll be nothing to it. If it's bad we'll dunk the ship. If we're forced down we can either swim or sink."

"I see. And if you sink you'll still have two places to go."

"Precisely! Why worry?"

"*Vous avez beaucoup d'esprit, Monsieur Casey,*" the girl declared.

Poised in the passageway stood a figure. It was Cadence. In the flesh!

SO! She *had* overheard the Devereaux boys. She wanted to learn if he had understood them.

"The last one will do me for a while," said he.

"Last what?"

"Spree."

"Don't you speak French?"

"Sure! *Je vous aime, je vous adore.* Yes, and I know a lot more. Nice *bébé! Baisez-moi.* The rest won't do to repeat."

"Some French girl taught you."

"Girls. Credit me with at least two. Times were good then and I was a big shot over there."

"Did you—kiss them?"

"Would it be boasting if I admitted it?"

"Hm-m! I'll bet you loved it, too! Fancy you, the strong, silent man, making love." Cadence shook her head.

"Why not? I have my lighter moments. I'm a corner house and I have a southern exposure. You've never seen my sunny side."

"*Haven't* I? Pretty Pet was terribly distressed when I told her how you acted that night in St. Pierre."

"You promised to bury that," he murmured reproachfully.

"Oh, I had to tell her! I thought she'd swoon when I described how you locked the door and threw the key away. The poor dear gets so few thrills. She was distressed, disappointed, grieved, shocked, that I escaped unsullied. I'm not sure I wholly convinced her that I did. She said it proves I'm entirely lacking in sex appeal—"

"You can be the most annoying person," he interrupted irritably, but she ran on:

"It takes the conceit out of a girl to bite her lip, clench her fists, and prepare to sell her honor dearly, and then get smacked with a wet bath sponge."

Harshly he said, "You know damned well you were safe with me or you wouldn't joke about it."

"That's the dickens of it!" Cadence agreed. "Gran's right: I should give up flying and attend a charm school. I think—"

Suddenly her tone changed and she cried, "Oh, Casey, let me tease you! I hate soft food and soft people; I love

to get my teeth into something solid. What in the world would I do without you to fight with?"

"I must be going," he announced and held out his hand. "It will take most of the night to get the ship loaded."

"So! You won't let me joke, will you?"

"Not about personal magnetism and sex appeal. I've never learned to talk tenor."

"Why, Casey! I do believe you have possibilities."

"You've no idea," he told her. "Good night."

"I'll be out to see you off. And—you won't let anything happen, will you?"

"Nothing. Thanks for the party."

III

THERE was a morning mist over Roosevelt Field when Cadence Drew arrived there about four o'clock. The hangar doors were open and the Fokker was gone. Nobody was in sight, and for a moment she thought she was too late. Then she heard voices out on the field and started toward them. Came the sputter of a motor, then another and another. She began to run. But there was no need for haste. Only Haddon and three mechanics were present, and she almost bumped into the pilot where he stood listening intently to the sound of his engines. Inside the cabin one of his helpers was nursing the controls with delicate touch.

Haddon greeted her with a gesture; then, noting that she was in her flying suit, he put his mouth to her ear and said, "Climb aboard! There's room for five."

"Where's Georges and—"

"They're dressing. They'll be here in five minutes. I had the ship warmed up an hour ago. We're going to beat the newspaper men if we can. That's why I'm keeping the field dark. Georges won't give a story. A lot of queer things about this flight, aren't there?"

"What do you mean? Casey! Tell me—"

"No time now." Laying a hand on each of her shoulders, he smiled down at her with an expression she had never seen on his face. "I was wrong about you, Charley Johnson. You're going to make a great flyer; the best ever. Only you must be careful. Be a good kid, Charley, and promise never to fly wild. Promise?" His strong hands shook her gently.

"I promise. And, Casey, you've been awfully nice to me. I've got something for you. I guess I'd better give it to you before the others come." She drew his head down and kissed him twice upon his lips. "One is from Pretty Pet and one is from me."

The head mechanic leaped out of the open cabin door and announced, "She's all set, Casey. Sweet as honey and ready to roll."

"All right. Come with me. I want you to turn on the field lights. Mike and Hugo will stand by to pull the blocks."

Out of the gloom he heard voices. Larue and the others were approaching and he moved toward them.

When Georges saw him he cried hurriedly, "Step on it, Casey. Let's go! The phone has been ringing—those boys from the hotel, I presume—and they'll be here any minute. They'll hold us up for an hour."

"Get aboard," Haddon ordered and broke into a trot with the mechanic at his side. His lips were damp with Cadence's kisses, his head was whirling, but he heard himself saying coolly enough, "Don't switch on any lights inside the seven-hundred-foot line, understand? I'll show you which ones to pull. I think I can lift her in about twelve hundred."

It took him but a moment to reach the building from whence the field lights were controlled and a moment more to repeat his instructions. Then he bolted back.

The Blue Bird's motors were revving up and she was straining to go when Casey scrambled into the cabin. Larue nodded to him.

He took his seat at the wheel and waved to the mechanics to pull the chocks.

"All clear!" they shouted and sprang back.

The flight was on.

For a ship of her size the Fokker had surprisingly little cabin room. That was due to the two enormous reserve gasoline tanks with which she was equipped—square aluminum containers built upon the owner's specifications. One stood immediately behind Haddon; the other was farther aft and to the right. In front of this second tank the navigator sat. His brother Tony together with his radio equipment were crowded into a rectangular space behind the Number One tank and he sat with his back to the partition separating the cabin itself from the storage compartment, the cargo hold.

His set was working nicely and he soon made contact with some station, then came forward and handed Larue a note, to which the latter scribbled a reply. Jules pored over his maps and his instruments; he busied himself with calculations of flying speed and drift.

At the end of two hours Casey surrendered the ship to Larue; steadily she drove onward. The four men resigned themselves to the monotonous grind ahead of them.

The morning had been fair enough. Over the Bay of Fundy, however, a change occurred. The sun grew less bright. The horizon ahead was obscured.

They were over the inhospitable hills of Nova Scotia when they encountered fog. Casey, who was once more at the wheel, leaned toward Larue and shouted:

"Pretty thick. Shall I turn back?"

Georges rose and consulted with Jules Devereaux. Tony emerged from his position and the three of them put their heads together.

Casey nosed to eight hundred feet in search of a ceiling, but the fog grew thicker, if anything, so he tried to climb above it. Larue leaned over his shoulder and yelled, "Get through if you can."

Haddon nodded. He nursed his ship up to six thousand feet, then flew blind for a half hour, and finally put another fifteen hundred feet beneath him, only to find conditions the same at that height as elsewhere. There was no top to this fog.

Larue watched the altimeter. With pencil and pad he communicated with the helmsman.

Did Casey think he could carry on?

Casey was sure he could. Blind flying was nothing new to him; all he would need was sufficient visibility to locate Harbor Grace.

Georges was relieved. He wrote, "Must be in Harbor Grace tonight. Important."

Another half hour passed, and again Haddon consulted his employer, whereupon the latter advised him briefly, "Keep going, if you have to crack her up."

AN eternity passed. The clock hands, if they could be trusted, indicated that the Blue Bird must be over Cape Breton Island. Haddon sat like a man of stone, his eyes frozen to the dials before him.

Thus far the motors had functioned perfectly, but, without warning, the rhythmic explosions, following one after the other so closely as to resemble the throbbing blast of a giant siren, were interrupted; they fell out of time; the vibrations changed. The left motor sputtered, caught, sputtered again, and quit.

All four men had sufficient experience to recognize instantly what had happened. All retained control of themselves. Haddon had come to life now. The others watched him anxiously. He signaled finally that a feed line had broken, a fact which soon made itself evident by an odor of gasoline.

Being reluctant to surrender the controls even for a moment, he directed Larue and the others to locate the break if possible. Quickly they obeyed; but investigation revealed that it could not be reached, so the flow of fuel was cut off.

Not wholly satisfied, the pilot made his own examination. When he had finished Larue was glad to turn the ship back to him. Without a word Casey dumped one of the reserve tanks, thereby easing the strain on the other two motors, and gave them full throttle.

Even in these few moments the altitude meter, which had read seven thousand feet, now registered fifty-five hundred.

Once across the ninety miles of open water which lay ahead they would be over Newfoundland, and provided the soup thinned even a little bit they could find their bearings and either fly across country or follow the railroad from Port-aux-Basques to their destination. What did Larue advise? Without hesitation, the owner motioned him to go on.

After half an hour Casey asked Jules Devereaux for his position and received a shakily written reading which caused him to stare curiously at the navigator. Plainly Jules was in a complete funk, so Casey disregarded the reading. Aside from the evidence of his compass, that mysterious instinct which guides a homing pigeon assured him that the other man had the ship miles off its actual course and that further reliance upon him would be useless, if not actually dangerous.

The warning which Casey had been dreading came at last. The starboard engine began to run ragged, even at full throtttle. Quick as he was to note the trouble, Larue was scarcely slower. He half rose from his seat, then settled back. He turned a colorless face toward the man on his left, only to receive a shrug, a shake of the head.

Casey gunned the motor, he cut it in and out, but there was no vim to it. Slowly it lost speed.

His thoughts were interrupted by Jules Devereaux, who was frantically pawing at him and apparently ordering him to turn back. When he refused, Jules choked, he chattered. Of a sudden he lost what little self-restraint he had left and tried to pull Casey out of his seat. Larue seized him. They strained against each other, but Jules was strong and active and at this moment he had the strength of two men. Haddon snatched the hand fire extinguisher which hung beside his seat and struck him between the eyes. The brass cylinder was heavy; Jules collapsed. Georges and Tony untangled him, dragged him back, and laid him out on the floor.

TO all appearances the man was dead, for his jaw sagged, he was inert; a trickle of blood ran down and reddened one temple. While they were working over him the failing motor stopped, and promptly Casey released all but enough gas for perhaps an hour's flying.

With only the center motor firing he knew that the best he could do now, and that only by the most skillful handling, was to put the Blue Bird into a long, slow descent for a landing, meanwhile holding her delicately at minimum flying speed—a speed just short of the stalling point. He felt certain that he must be close to if not actually over the Newfoundland coast line.

The Blue Bird was bound to crash, of course. Thank God they all had chutes!

He motioned Larue to him and explained that all hands would have to step off at three thousand feet—their altitude was now a bit under fifty-five hundred. Dumbly Georges pointed to the prostrate navigator, whereupon Casey directed him in a note to tie the ring of Jules' parachute to a stout cord and fasten the other end to something, anything, inside the cabin. Georges did not seem to comprehend, or he could not bring himself to obey, so Casey set the stabilizers and left the wheel long enough to do it himself.

Tony watched him out of a face the color of ashes. He, too, seemed incapable of action.

The plane continued its steady glide. Relentlessly the altimeter fell point by point.

Jules was regaining consciousness. He stirred, and after a while he sat up, but he was still dazed.

At three thousand feet Haddon ordered his companions to jump. When his command went unheeded, he rose, flung the door open, and seizing Jules by the legs pitched him over backward.

IT was a ruthless thing to do, but he had no choice. The man uttered a barely audible shriek, the cord attached to his parachute ring poured out, came to the end, and snapped. Jules was on his way earthward.

Without an instant's hesitation, Casey dragged the younger brother forward, gave him a shove, then sprang back to his controls. He looked up when he felt Larue's hand on his shoulder. Georges' face was still white, but his eyes were steady, there was a smile upon his lips.

As owner of the ship he motioned his pilot to go first. It was a gallant, an intrepid gesture; but the latter shook his head and waved him to the door.

He yelled that he would follow instantly, then their hands met in a firm clasp. Larue turned, stepped to the opening, drew a deep breath, and hurled himself out into the rushing mist.

So far so good. Thus ended the great transatlantic endurance flight. Another dream was out! Haddon rose from his seat and adjusted the straps of his chute. The stabilizers were holding the Blue Bird steady. Doubtless they would continue to function until she pancaked. He cut the gas from the faithful center motor and turned—then stiffened, blinked. His jaw fell open.

Poised in the narrow passageway between the reserve fuel tanks stood a figure. A familiar figure. This was fantasy! Like a prize fighter dazed by a blow, he closed his eyes, shook his head, but the vision did not vanish. It was Cadence. In the flesh!

The moments that followed meant life or death. Could Haddon save Cadence? Next week you'll learn their fate.

Prove Tek's Better Shape and how its springy bristles fit even behind your front teeth!

● Prove why, before you buy, that Tek will clean where bulky brushes can't reach. And Better Bristles—laboratory-selected for purity, resiliency, long life. No artificial "doping." *Naturally* better. Sterilized, Cellophane-sealed and guaranteed. Tek 50¢. Tek Jr. 25¢ . . . *Your druggist is more than a merchant—try the drug store first.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern tooth brush

MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST

254—CASH PRIZES—254

$2,500

You Still Have Time to Enter!

Name These Three Players, Then Send for Puzzles 1 and 2

HERE is Puzzle 3 in the Movie Mystery Contest. Can you name the three movie stars whose portraits are included in the puzzle above? Doing so correctly will shorten your journey to the finish line one tenth. Solve this week's puzzle by cutting the strips apart and assembling them into three portraits. Then write the correct identification under each. But do not submit your entry until you have the complete set of thirty pictures.

Perhaps you failed to enter during the first two weeks of the contest. That need not handicap you. If you want either or both of the first two puzzles, ask for them and they will be mailed to you without charge. Send your request to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York, New York, and state which of the puzzles you need to bring your set up to date.

Each week for seven more weeks these movie mystery puzzles will appear. You will find them a real test of your knowledge of the people of the screen. Many of the faces may baffle you at first, but if you know your cinema stars, careful study will give you the correct identification.

And look at the money you can win! Look at the prize schedule at the right. And get ready to file your claim to a share.

CROSS WORD CONTEST NOTE

Lack of space in this issue prevents publication of the names of the July 9 Cross Word prizes. They will be published at the first opportunity. In the meantime, checks will go forward to each of the winners without delay.

THE RULES

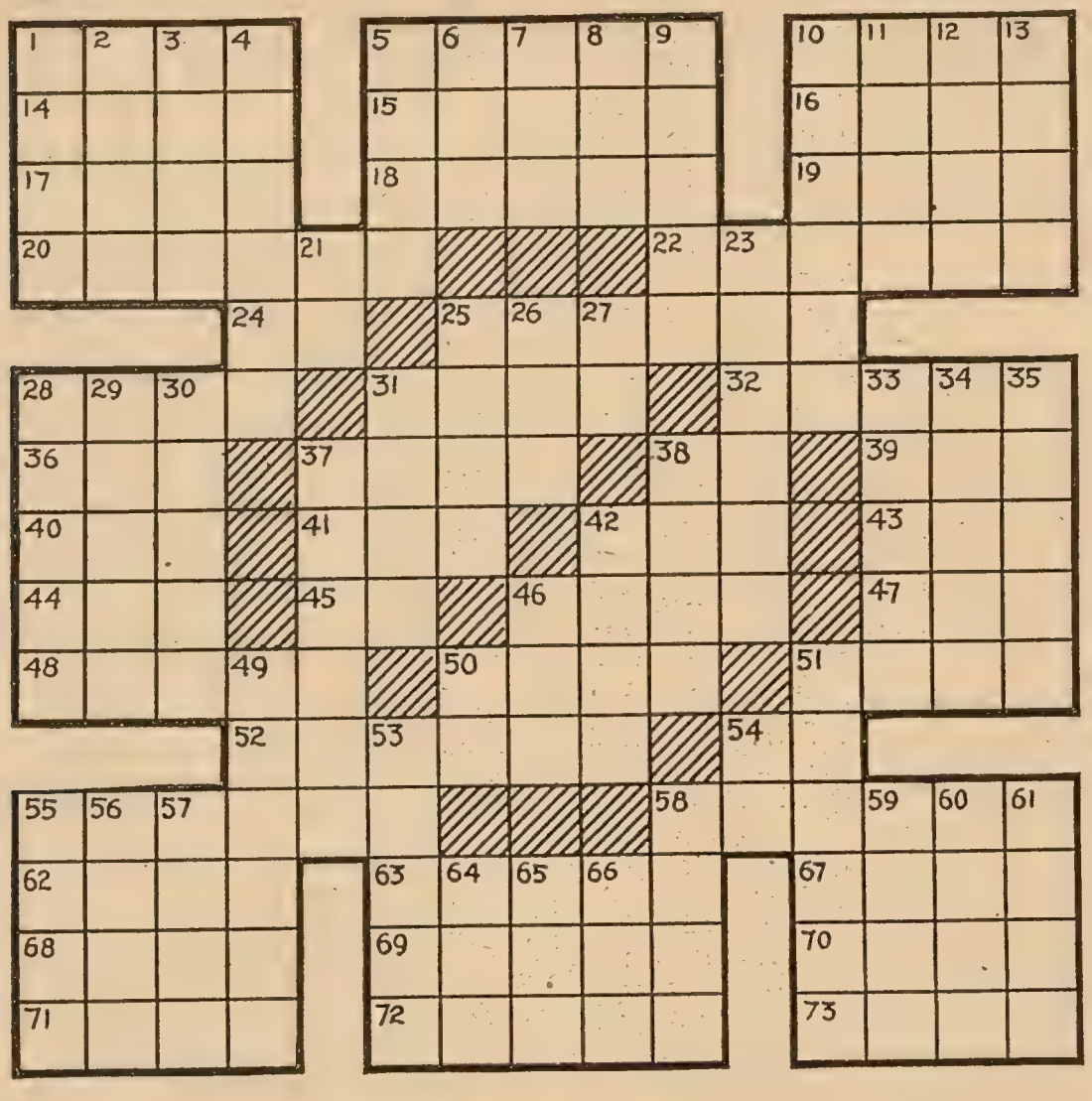
1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.
2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.
3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.
7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	100
Two Prizes, each $50	100
Four Prizes, each $25	100
Forty-five Prizes, each $10	450
200 Prizes, each $5	1,000
254 Prizes—Total	$2,500

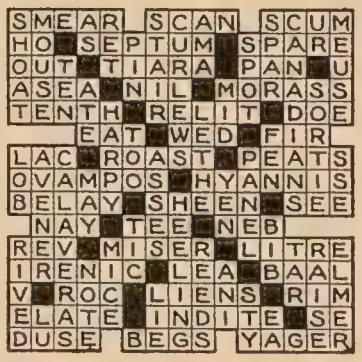
NEXT WEEK—ANOTHER INTERESTING PUZZLE IN THE MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

Cross Words — A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 An East Indian nurse
5 A kind of sailboat
10 Transferred for a consideration
14 A Mohammedan of the Philippines
15 Inhabitant of Mohammedan paradise
16 A city in Pennsylvania
17 Covering of some seeds
18 To become compliant
19 A family group
20 Christian Science practitioner
22 Principles of a body of facts
24 A preposition
25 Begged
28 Irish dramatist
31 Filthy
32 Disordered
36 Drop behind
37 To study over
38 Note of the diatonic scale
39 Bond
40 Turkish commander
41 A sea bird
42 Hole
43 Note in Guido's scale
44 Knock lightly
45 Older (abbr.)
46 Game played on horses
47 Etruscan title
48 Upstanding
50 Woman's nickname
51 Expressing quality (suffix)
52 A cereal
54 Exclamation
55 An officer who attests
58 To shelter, as in a nest
62 Norse deity
63 Bizarre
67 Extent
68 A deep and wide protective ditch
69 Beach (Spanish)
70 Prevaricator
71 Greek deity
72 Smoldering coal
73 Male children



Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Oriental female servant
2 Time long past
3 Melody
4 Unfilled space
5 A fish
6 Apparatus for measuring speed of a ship
7 Pronoun
8 Source of metal
9 Devoutness
10 Withdraw or separate
11 A flat plinth (arch.)
12 One who tells falsehoods knowingly
13 Gainsay
21 Printer's measure
23 Combining form: blood
25 A kind of meat
26 To regret extremely
27 Dye obtained from the Indian mulberry
28 Rock that splits evenly and thinly
29 Woman's name
30 With mouth open
31 Cardinal number
33 Sculptured slab
34 Man's name
35 Measures of time
37 Head of a congregation
38 Embankment in railroad construction
42 Many (prefix)
46 Inclosure
49 Recites musically
50 Symbol for an element
51 Nose pieces
53 One affected with nearsightedness
54 Pronoun
55 Mining town in Alaska
56 Scent
57 Chinese money
58 Approach
59 Three persons
60 Thin
61 Heads, as of any cereal
64 Town in south Germany
65 Tag
66 A former beverage

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

ANSWER *to Chocolate Vitavose question . . . . Chocolate Vitavose does not merely flavor milk, but enriches it in important nourishing factors.*

• Not like ordinary chocolate milk drinks!

—Make the comparison yourself

Many powders and syrups which mothers add to milk for children make milk taste good but have little value besides.

Chocolate Vitavose supplies building-up factors that children thrive on.

It enriches their diet in the important vitamin that stimulates appetite—Vitamin B. This is why Chocolate Vitavose is especially good for the child who won't eat.

If you are using just an ordinary chocolate flavoring now, change to Chocolate Vitavose. You will be delighted with the results.

MOTHERS! Send for trial package

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE VITAVOSE

E. R. Squibb & Sons,
Dept. L8, 745 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me sample of Chocolate Vitavose and booklet, "Understanding the Child Who Won't Eat." I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—India rubber.

2—Mortar and cement mixed with gravel.

3—One hundred and ninety-eight.

4—Thirteen hundred and ninety-six feet.

5—A regiment of picked men, used as guards by Napoleon.

6—Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, now in the forty-second year of her reign.

7—Principally of lead and tin.

8—The Caspian Sea.

9—It is the only mammal which lays eggs.

10—Davison.

11—A species of banana.

12—One afflicted with inherited idiocy.

13—A Norwegian violinist.

14—Gotama.

15—The Rosetta stone.

16—Benjamin Franklin.

17—Ale or wine, flavored with spices, sugar, toast, roasted apples, etc.

18—The murder of a prophet.

19—What a cask or barrel lacks of being full.

20—Rosinante.

Vox

A Sure-Fire Prescription for the Depression 'Blues'

BOSTON, MASS.—If I'm in the dumps, I can usually count on Liberty to pull me out.

Just consider your editorial, "Well, Let's Be Cheerful!" It was the most heartening piece of writing I've read in a long time. It not only told us to be cheerful, but gave convincing reasons

why we shouldn't allow ourselves to be whiners and croakers.

After I read it I got ready to kick my own personal "blue devils" right out of my home!—*R. Norris.*

Are You Telling Us?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Just looked over a number of Libertys issued during the past three months. The covers on them are G-R-E-A-T! Keep it up! Gonna use 'em as wall paper. Never saw a flock of such pretty dames—brick tops, brunettes, or the kind gentlemen (like me) prefer, whether peroxide, platinum, or natural blondes.

Not one of those babies has a ring on the third finger. Hope you show more blondes.

The covers make Liberty worth a jit. —*Justa Mere Male!*

He Says It's True!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Kindly tell Sergeant Ed Halyburton to come down to earth and stop exaggerating everything that happened to him during the war—especially in Germany. If everything is true that he writes in this story then I am a Hindu from the North Pole.

Joseph H. Resch

I was in Austria and Germany during the war and saw the treatment prisoners got there.

It is true that they did not get turkey or cream chicken, but neither did about eighty per cent of the German population. From 1916 to 1918 the German people did not have anything but horse meat themselves, and even that got scarce during the concluding days of the war.

So the war prisoners could not expect a twelve-course dinner.—*Joseph H. Resch.*

Pro and Con in the Fortescue Case

PITTSTON, PA.—I have just finished reading Mrs. Granville Fortescue's article "The Honolulu Martyrdom" and I really believe that Mrs. Fortescue and her companions should be decorated for what they did and I have only two regrets that they did not kill the other four and that I was not there to help them.—*An American.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Having read the first installment of Mrs. Fortescue's fascinating story of "The Honolulu Martyrdom" in which her son-in-law, Lieutenant Massie, figured, I want to add a word of personal praise and regard for Tommie Massie.

There was no finer man in our school during my time than Tommie Massie. His record at Annapolis was likewise excellent. He is a thorough gentleman whom his native state of Kentucky admires and who has upheld the honor of Porter's, Annapolis, the Navy, and Southern Manhood.—*Charles Edward Thomas.*

ISLAND OF MONTREAL, CAN.—I see Mrs. Fortescue says "justice is a mockery" in Honolulu. It is a good thing for her it is, or she and her companions would be behind the bars now.

Why did not Mrs. Massie prosecute the other four men?

She and her companions are just fanatics, the same kind of people who burn Negroes in the South.—*Brian Boru.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mrs. Granville Fortescue's article serves to perpetuate and intensify the race antagonisms that have been brought about by the division of social and economic environment of the white and dark races, and the teaching of race superiority in the schools.

Joseph Kahahawai was never proved guilty of the charge, yet Mrs. Fortescue depicts him as a leering villain who was a menace to society. Kahahawai was in reality a wage worker who was only concerned in making enough to maintain himself, and was not, as Mrs. Fortescue would have you believe, a loafer and a gangster.—*Bill Sennett.*

Now You Have Us Worried Too!

PORTLAND, ORE.—I'm worried! I remember with what disgust I read my first Liberty.

The years passed. I formed the Liberty habit. I even quote it now!

But this is what is worrying me: Is Liberty getting better or am I getting worse?—*Roberta DeLoe.*

That's Why We Have So Large a News-stand Sale

LAKELAND, FLA.—Liberty is a wonderful magazine. There is a versatility in its several departments such as is given in no other periodical which I have read. Whether the reader be the blasé bookworm or the youthful student, there will be subject matter to claim the attention and enlighten the mind.

J. N. Merrill

Certainly you do not, in every instance, place before the reader the dish which is precisely suited to his taste, but the freshness and virility of your choosings cannot fail to meet a response to some of his needs and likings.—*J. N. Merrill.*

To Farm or—

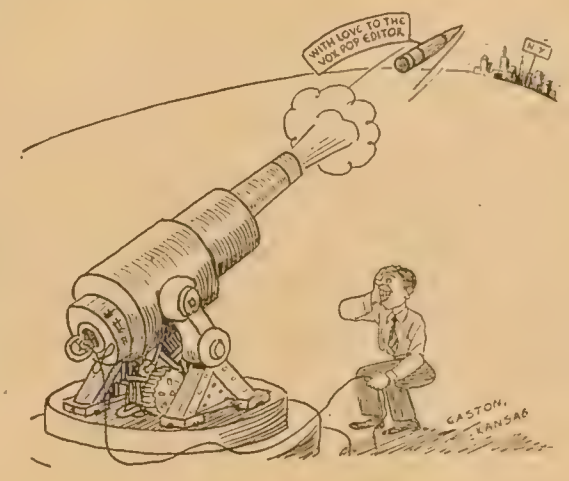
ST. PAUL, MINN.—I must thank you for your splendid articles on "back to the land for those who cannot find employment in the cities." This is the most practical, constructive suggestion that has been made by any magazine. All of your editorials along this line have been the best to be found in any magazine.

Please keep them up and good will result.—*L. C. Holmes.*

—Not to Farm

EASTON, KAN.—About four times monthly you disgrace the pages of Vox Pop with the "Go back to the farm" hooey.

Why is it that you Vox Popping windmills, who don't even know which side to milk a cow on, are continually advocating something that can result in nothing but failure? At least fifty per



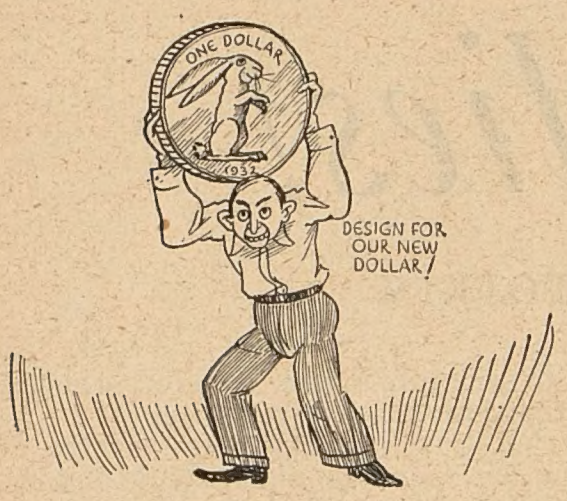
cent of the farmers in these hyar sticks can't pay their taxes or their grocery bill. (I *was* a grocer.)

If someone would loan me a cannon that would shoot from Easton, Kan., to New York, N. Y., ah! what a pleasure it would be for me to send the editor who gives these saps space back to the soil—six feet of soil!—*Vincent Striegel.*

Pop

What'll You Take for Your Good Idea?

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—This here now depression has gone far enough! So I'm going to come right out flatfooted and end it. The Great Engineer (or amateur economist, if you will) believes the big obstacle to prosperity is psychological—fear, lack of confidence, and worry. I have an idea to banish all that, and



hope Liberty gets behind my plan and pushes it.

When we pick up a dollar, or a half dollar, or a quarter, what do we see on it? An eagle! Now I ask you, is that good psychology? I propose putting in a jack rabbit to pinch hit for the eagle. My theory is based on the fact that rabbits multiply more rapidly than eagles.

Suppose you have four eagles in a cage. After a while one dies. A cat eats another. A third contracts T. B., and then where are you? Take jack rabbits. Four or five jack rabbits—and you're off!

Here's where the psychology of subconscious suggestion comes in. If you have five eagle dollars you feel they may soon dwindle down to nothing, so you hoard them, and prolong the depression. But if you have five jack-rabbit dollars—ah! You feel you'll soon have ten, twenty-five, fifty, and then may have to chloroform a few. So you start spending freely.

And with everybody else doing the same, the slump will be over!—*N. H.*

A Short Short Story from Beatrice Grimshaw

PORT MORESBY, PAPUA—When this reaches you, I shall—probably—have gone off the map again; or, rather, to a place not generally known: Rossel, an island beyond the tail end of Papua, inhabited by wild and remarkable natives, whose most famous feat was the devouring of a wrecked shipload of 300 Chinese coolies somewhere about 1850 or 1855.

They parked them on a small island, and used them up as wanted.

I was there once, many years ago, and always wanted to return. It's a wonderful island in many ways. About three white people on it. Mountain chains, coral reefs, orchids, forests; 200 miles from anywhere; said to be full of ghosts.

It has a native mint where they manufacture the red shell money used over much of Papua. Has a *jaggega:* a circle of stone seats in the depths of the forest, where they used to eat their victims and may still, if the government does not call often enough.

I wrote one story about Rossel, but I am very sure it has more.—*Beatrice Grimshaw.*

For Mr. Benchley and—

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Will you please thank Mr. Benchley for his word "Gnirrs"? I have always wanted a word to call these strange little bits of woolly-haired particles that appear in my pockets and I have never found one that suited like Gnirrs.

Can't you persuade Mr. Benchley to write an article explaining the formation, reproduction and usefulness of Gnirrs?—*Oscar Bloch.*

—Princess Kropotkin!

ATLANTA, GA.—The old phrase of "you can't please all the people all the time" was coined before Princess Kropotkin started her page "To the Ladies." The only fault my entire family can find with it is the name (very misleading). It should be "To the Entire Family."

Kate Shearer

Her style of writing appeals to every member of my family and we are all heavy readers.

Princess Kropotkin is irresistible.—*Kate Shearer.*

A New Use for Liberty

NATCHEZ, MISS.—In your Vox Pop columns I have heard Liberty praised for many things, but I believe I can contribute one more use to which it has been put. I came here from Germany three years ago, and my English teacher made me subscribe to Liberty immediately after I enrolled. She said that by reading this magazine I could get an idea of the American people and so better assimilate myself in this country. In taking over Liberty's opinions, I have never found myself to be wrong.—*Rebecca S.*

The Mother-in-Law Department

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"Mother-in-Law o' Mine" in this week's issue of Liberty is very naïve.

I wonder how many others, reading it, felt a pang of sympathy for the seventy-year-old woman waiting upon her and running in circles trying to please a selfish, jealous woman who just wouldn't be pleased by anything.

My husband read the article and had the same reaction. His comment was that her first husband had a "lucky break" in the dark and stormy night when she departed.—*Also Anonymous.*

DETROIT, MICH.—According to the article entitled "Mother-in-Law o' Mine," every mother when she becomes a mother-in-law should be put into solitary confinement.

The author's first mother-in-law was undoubtedly at fault in many ways, but the whole blame should not be placed on her for the matrimonial failure. Personally, I think it was due to a gentleman friend who did not mind buying fifty-dollar hats.—*A Son-in-Law.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have never read an article so interesting as "Mother-in-Law o' Mine."

I am ruined tonight because several years ago a mother-in-law loved her daughter too much and took from me all that was noble and sweet—my wife.

I am buying two more copies, one for my mother-in-law, one for my ex-wife, and I shall keep my copy.

It is refreshing to know someone had the courage to analyze and portray the most trying situation concerning present-day marriages.—*Ex-Husband.*

Well, Sell the Goat

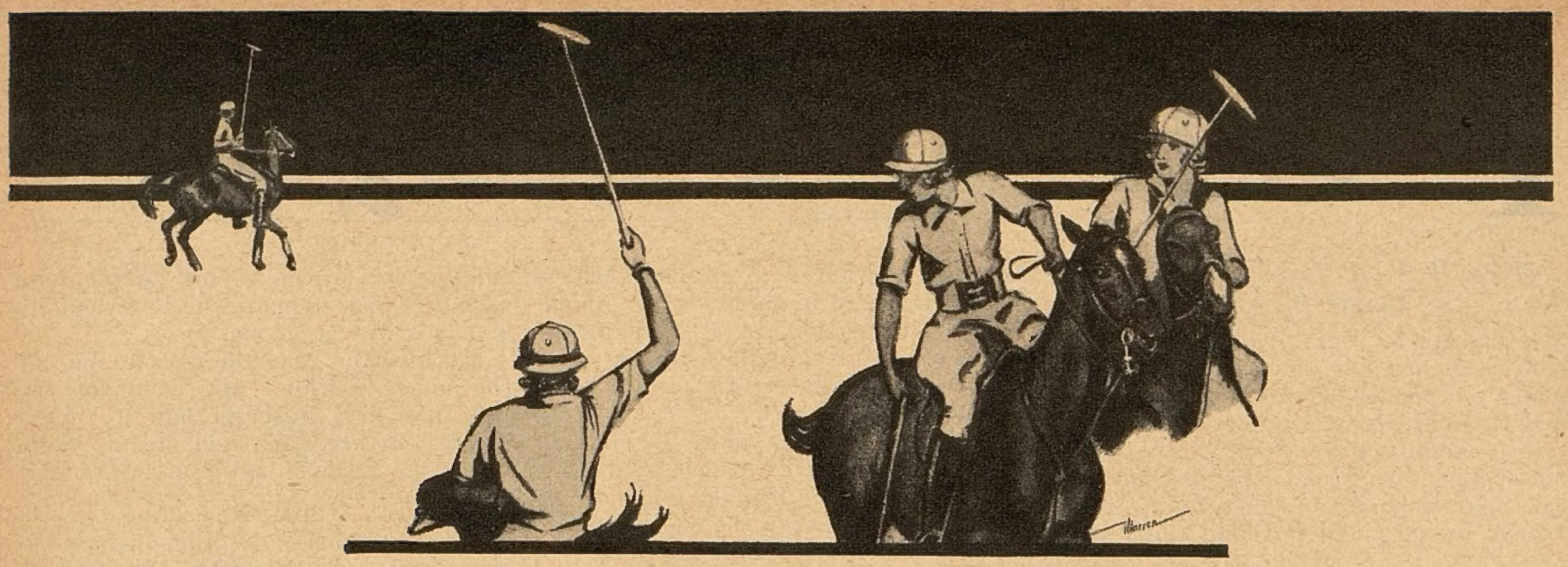
CHICAGO, ILL.—You people, with your back-to-the-farm movement, have got a lot to answer for. I have a friend—a nice chap, who lost his city job, and listened to you and went back to his father's farm.

But this wasn't as simple as it sounds. He'd married in the city—a nice girl,

too—but she'd never laid eyes on a farm. She swears the farm knew it and tried to push her out.

The butter wouldn't come when she churned, the horse bit her, the cow kicked over the milk bucket when she tried to milk, and when she was running to the house, bawling over this, the goat knocked her flat.

She says she wishes your magazine had never been born.—*Jack.*



To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 5 seconds.)

FROSTED YELLOW WILLOW can stab, but she can't slap. Frosted Yellow Willow is Anna May Wong; that's what her name means in Chinese. And she can't slap because there is something in her gentle nature that prevents her, always.

" I have often wanted to smack my kid brothers," she says (she has five of them), " but I just can't do it."

Cold steel is different. She can do stabbing parts in the movies, and do them with zest. But no slapping parts.

Anna May Wong

Was born in California and has never been to China. Her greatest desire is to spend a year there. Speaks the Cantonese dialect, also French and German as well as English. Is a keen student of Chinese ways.

" We Chinese use circular tables for dining," she said, " so that we can always make room for one more guest."

She called my attention to the fact that no Chinese are in the bread lines. " The Chinese over here look after each other," she explained. " You rarely see a destitute Chinaman."

When she was a baby everyone said she must be a boy. According to Chinese belief, only boys have big eyes, because they are the ones who " see the world." Anna May's mother had to show her Chinese friends, by specific revelation, that Anna May was a girl.

Anna May confesses to a secret ambition. She would like to be a portrait painter. Would like to show in her portraits the " Orientalism " which, says she, lurks all unsuspected in so many Western faces. You may be blondly Teutonic in looks and yet harbor an Oriental soul!

When Anna May puts on her clothes she ties a blue silk handkerchief over her face to keep her make-up from staining her dress. All her movements are neat and to the point. She clicks. Has only one real fear in life—hates walking downstairs.

THEY led a cat-and-dog life. Always nagging, fighting, sulking. They couldn't stand it. So they got a divorce. He was a retired sea captain, by the way.

Well, they got their divorce, and a year went by. The captain tried housekeeper after housekeeper, and all of them were terrible. At last he laid down the law to the employment agency. In strong seagoing language he told them to send him a *competent* housekeeper or none at all. They promised to send him a gem, a perfect wonder.

They did. They sent him his divorced wife.

And she took the job. She has now been working at it two years, drawing her wages regularly. She and the captain are both satisfied. They get on beautifully.

But a moral problem puzzles the town busybodies: Can ex-married couples be accused of living in sin?

I KNOW a little group of women whose lives have been narrowed but not ruined by depression. Wisely they have set themselves to think and talk about the things that no depression can take away—about friendships, books, sunsets, bright mornings and moonlit nights.

" It is true that we can't eat them," say these wise women, " but we can enjoy them and talk about them."

A LADY from Porto Rico kept uttering clucks of dismay as we walked down the street together.

" What is the matter with your young men? " she asked. " How is it that all these pretty girls have no fiancés? "

" What girls? " I wanted to know.

" Why, all these girls I see everywhere in America. These girls in yellow dresses."

She explained that the girls of her country never wear yellow after they're engaged. When an engaged girl wears yellow it means she has jilted her fiancé. She has " given him the pumpkin," as they put it.

YOU will like reading Blonde Interlude, by Bourke Lee. It's lively and surprising. (Published by Simon and Schuster.)

WITH extreme daredeviltry I give you a Japanese salad on the same page with a Chinese movie star. I may be starting another war, but here goes:

To begin making this Japanese salad you first peel some potatoes and cook them in meat bouillon with a bay leaf. Dice the potatoes while warm. With every two cups of diced potatoes use one cup of cut-up shrimps, half a cup of diced tongue, and two tablespoons of chopped chives.

For the dressing use one tablespoon of the hot bouillon in which the potatoes were cooked, one tablespoon of vinegar, two of salad oil, a scant teaspoon of sugar, half a teaspoon of soy sauce, pepper, and a speck of ground mace. Chill well.

Make a border of the Japanese mixture and fill the center with lettuce leaves sprinkled with French dressing. Decorate with little mounds of chopped beets.

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